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Vol. CLXXVI No. 2305 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAR. 25 1944

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Volume CLXXVI No. 2305 The SPHERE, London, March 25, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE FIRST PICTURES OF BRITAIN'S "ROCKET PROJECTORS" IN ACTION. MEN OF THE HOME GUARD FIRING THE HITHERTO SECRET WEAPONS during a night attack by the "Luftwaffe," showing the projectiles in flight with flaming tails

This is one of the first pictures allowed to be taken of the "rocket projectors" which are now strengthening the anti-aircraft defences of Great Britain. Home Guards have been trained to man these weapons, which are electrically controlled. The intense barrage which they put up is one of the methods used to combat the attacks of the *Luftwaffe*, and it has proved very effective, a number of enemy aircraft having already been destroyed by its means. The employment of the Home Guard on "rocket" sites throughout the country has enabled regular soldiers to be released for active service on the battlefronts elsewhere. Work on the "rocket projector" began in 1934: in March 1939 full-scale tests were made in Jamaica (as it was not possible to carry out the trials here). Production began in 1940, and a battery at a coastal site first went into action with the projector in September 1941. The sounds and sights accompanying the discharge of the rockets by night are now familiar to many—the flaming tails and the rushing noise of the shells as they hurtle skywards being especially characteristic

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 238

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Kherson.—The fanfares and *feux de joie* of Moscow carry their heady sounds far beyond Russia. The achievements of Russian arms are inexpressibly glorious and deserve every fanfare. Their effects on the heady in America and Britain are sometimes dangerous. They induce in some quarters a style of war commentary which suggests that Russia has done the trick, and that perhaps, after all, our air offensive and a step-up of the Italian business will be an adequate democratic contribution to the victory. As a rider, the dangers of the invasion in the West are magnified, even beyond their obvious magnitude. This is dangerous. The invasion from the West is inevitable, must not be long delayed, and should be embarked on with the minimum of head-shaking. What is happening in Russia is not yet a rout, or near it. The Germans are not done. There are instances of local panic, their retreat is the most expensive in history, but it is still a retreat, not a rout. If it were so, Kherson (the latest achievement to date) would be conclusive. The line of the Bug is turned already, and the Dniester has been crossed. More than one enormously shorter line of defence is available to the Nazis, covering Tallinn, Dvinsk, Minsk, and the Rumanian frontier. All this will not probably be liquidated by June, even though the Tarnopol salient be extended considerably and though Odessa fall. Nor necessarily will the Crimea now fall like a plum into Russian hands, and with it its airfields. The political and economic dangers to the Nazis in the Balkans and in the Baltic provinces may well be enormously increased, but resistance in the East will not be over, and indeed divisions, if not equipment, will be released for service on other fronts. The Russian steam-roller may well induce us to throw our hats up. Let us do it only to cool our heads. Our share is inexorable and pledged. It is a tremendous task.

Restrained Optimism.—Nothing worth while, nothing permanent, was ever built but on the foundations of hope. Your master-builder must be an optimist. But not a dreamer of wild dreams. To-day we are all poring over building plans. Let us be optimists with a dash of cynicism. Let us not expect too much of individual or national relations. The following from a *Times* "leader" set my train of thought off :—

RUSSIA AND ITALY.

"The action of the Russian Government in according formal recognition to Marshal Badoglio is surprising and seems at first sight untimely.

. . . . . .

"The decision appears to have been taken and announced by the Russian Government without consulting with the British or American Government and without discussion in the Mediterranean Commission.

. . . . . .

"But the existence of difficulties does not diminish the supreme importance of the achievement of unity in action both for the war and—still more—for what is to come after it. There have been in the past, both on the British and on the Russian side, regrettable lapses into unilateral action when consultation and co-operation would have been the better way. It is the task of wise statesmanship in both countries to see that they do not recur."

It is the last sentence, so neatly and politely turned, that called forth my seasoning of cynicism. In the years ahead, will this sort of mild and restrained and Olympian reproof be adequate to bend Russia (if in any particular it may not suit her book) to the new diplomacy and the new world order? Will it avail to check any tendency to nationalism when the frontiers of Poland, the Balkans, and the Baltic provinces are re-drawn? Let us be optimists. I think the world is better than it was; it has learned bitter lessons. But we've been at war for five years, and war is all evil and saps morality and breeds nationalism and fear and hatred. And there are many indications that individuals and nations alike are doing a lot of thinking for themselves and of themselves—and what we build *must* be reinforced against the unruly wills and affections of human nature. Let us temper idealism with realism. I note that our Premier takes that line.

Waste of Man-power.—Few days pass but one hears instances of the waste of man- (and woman-) power in our great national effort. They are tragic. We label them *criminal*, but that is unjust. The truth is that even four years is not time enough to mobilise a nation of even 20,000,000 and to fit each individual into his fit place for a 100 per cent. effort. In a country like ours, perfection would not be attained in twenty years. I guess we are doing our best, let down, as always, by weak links in the chain and by overlaps and slacks in the cable. My neighbour was a clever motor mechanic. He was great guns in our H.G. He was taken for the Army. For six months he trained as an infantryman. He was over age and under health standard for infantry. At last they heard his protest, and he was tested as a skilled mechanic and passed with flying colours. A week later he was transferred to train for Commando. After a gruelling course his health broke down and he was sent to train for a commission. He passed, and was informed that he was found to be too old for a commission. Now they have sent him back to his home and deserted garage on indefinite leave. He has nothing at all to do. Another man wasted three years as private and then officer of anti-tank gunners; then was trained to Commando standard, and for the last year has sat on an office stool. He speaks six languages fluently, and the Italian as well as his own. The instances are legion, almost more among women and girls. Scores of uniformed girls have never done an honest day's work since they donned uniform and left their mothers to cope with impossible conditions on the Home Front. Criminal? No. Tragic. It's an impossible task and we are doing it as well as we reasonably can. Even Ministers are only for the most part honest mediocrities. Don't be bitter about these square-peg tales. Things were worse in '14-'18. They are quite inevitable.

It's Going Well.—In short, Sir and Madam, if you will hold on to two or three cardinal principles, you will find the war is going very well. These data are: (1) War is the bloodiest, clumsiest and most wasteful expedient ever conceived by imbeciles to settle anything. And it was quite inevitable in 1939, and still is. (2) There is not the slightest *probability* that human nature, as revealed in social life and international relations in the years between wars, is to undergo a root-and-branch reform. What is more probable is that there will be a revulsion against war in any circumstances which may last for 15 years or less. The bitter lessons of the last years and fear may induce some slight restraint and some access of unselfishness and some reduction of nationalism in individuals and nations, here and there. A millennium is *moonshine*. The best we can hope for is simplification and some access of decency (here and there) through poverty and suffering and utter weariness. Realism, not idealism, will save what remains of sanity and civilisation (worth saving). You need an ideal, but you must measure with an ordinary ruler, and the ruler you used before 1939 will do. (3) Bombs and shells are not the chief curses of war. They are bad enough. Words are worse. In the end they do more harm. They cannot be rationed; they might be directed into more innocent channels. [Has anybody in this war found a single criticism to aim at (say) *Country Life* or *The Countryman*?] (4) Propaganda has committed suicide. War and propaganda hang together, one on each side of the crucified Christ, and of these two war is the *penitent* thief. Subject to the above, this war is really going very well indeed, and constructive plans are being laid for an era of peace.

BEFORE THE RAID: Dressed and ready for a high-altitude flight to Germany—a scene in the Crew Room a few minutes before the signal to start: At the front-line Bomber Station where this picture was taken, officers and men live alike in the same kind of Nissen huts which have been dumped down on "communal sites," often with no such things as "water laid on," and with a mile and more of unmade roads separating them from their messes and their working quarters

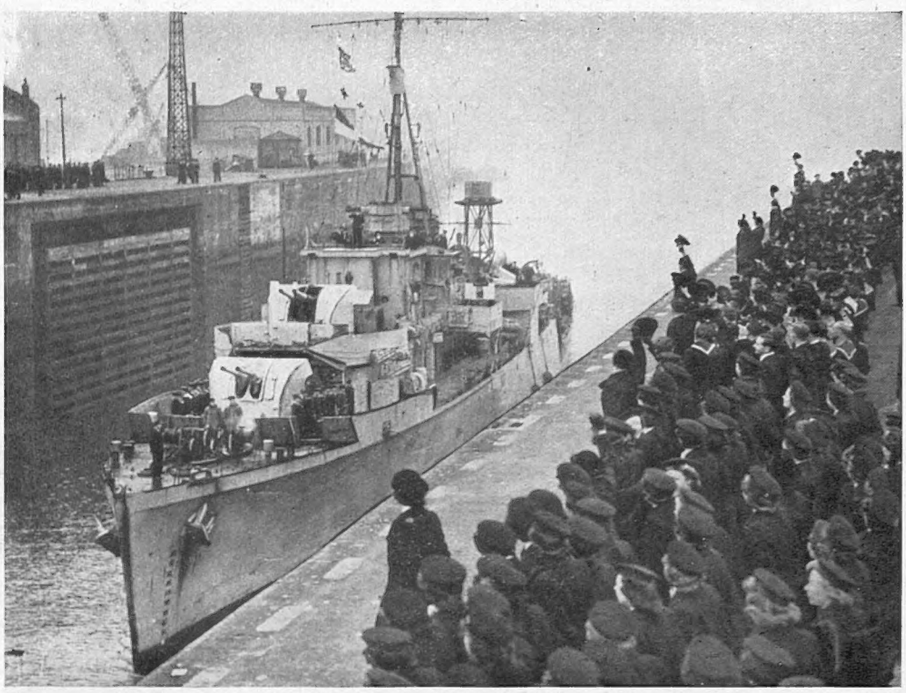
You and the Peace.—An unpretentious little book called *You and the Peace*, lately published by Macmillan's, deserves your careful study. It is by G. B. Sherlaw and L. E. Jones. It is written, with point and humour, for the ordinary man. It underlines the supreme need *now* for every citizen of every free country to discuss the essentials for a lasting peace and the banishment of war, and to make up his mind what those essentials are, and thereafter to work to get them. The authors are immensely practical and shrewd about the vexed question of punishment and reparations. Without skating over the thin ice, they set forth the broad essentials of an international police force, and they take a sane view in their well-developed argument that the morality and relations of nations *inter se* should be, and can be, at least as human and Christian and restrained as those between *individuals* in civilised states. Peace will not be won and maintained by clever map-drawing. It can only come under new conditions in human and international relations, in political and economic practice and policy. The authors are not blind to the difficulties ahead. They expect to be called idealists. They prefer that label to the label "idler." It is better to clutch at the stars than to slumber in the mud. Man is still in the infant-school stage. He has existed for millions of years, his ethical conscience has only just begun to develop (say, for 5,000 years). The great difficulty which I see ahead is this, in a nutshell: All the decent nations in the infant school are *even now* not in the same form; and that fact may have disappointing results in every effort made to obliterate what is bad and dangerous in nationalism. An interesting thing about this little book is that, though much of the ground is familiar, there is a great variety of new and stimulating view-points which invite closer inspection.

The "Sheltered" Life.—It was heartening to read some accounts of the reactions of the old ladies of London on resuming their night life in the shelters. It was clear enough that many of them came back to their bunks (complete with their reticules containing snacks and vacuum flasks and shawls) not without a certain pleasure in the social side of life reopened for them. Old friends to greet, gossip to pass along, colour and excitement again after the grey life of black-out and quiet attic sleep at home. It was heartening as showing that the spirit of Britain in the blitz years of 1940-41 still burns; and as showing that only a small percentage, perhaps, have allowed themselves to be seduced by the propaganda designed to distress the enemy and to impress the neutrals, giving the impression that the *Luftwaffe* is on its last legs. That a small percentage was so seduced is clear as can be. My daily correspondence shows it. But that pained surprise and still, small voice of disappointment, that faint whisper among the faint hearts that too rosy a picture has been painted, and that the end is as far off as ever, are manifestations which should not have been (even faintly) revealed. The truth is, there never was the slightest justification for complacency or halloo-ing, and there never can be while you are at grips with a wounded tiger whose heart still beats.

THE OLD STAGER

SIX U-BOATS SUNK ON A SINGLE PATROL

The Return of Captain Walker after a Record Twenty-day Atlantic Battle



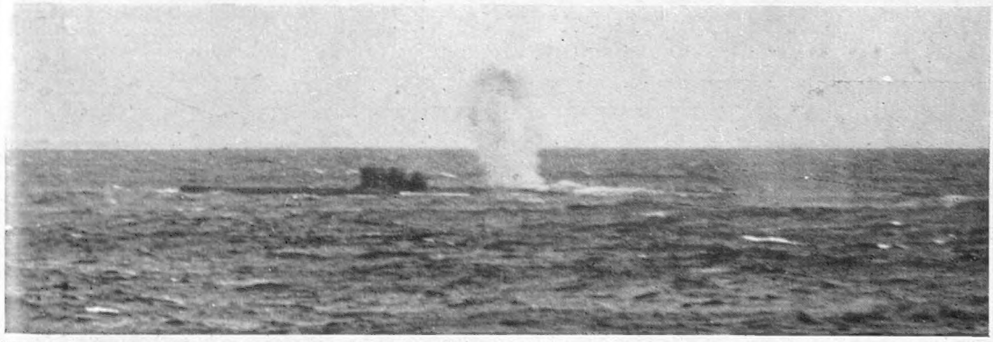
THE SLOOP "STARLING," LEADER OF THE SECOND ESCORT GROUP commanded by Captain F. J. Walker (D.S.O. and two bars), comes back to Liverpool after the patrol in which six German submarines were sunk during the course of a twenty-day battle in the North Atlantic

CAPTAIN WALKER CALLS ON THE CREWS to give a cheer for the First Lord of the Admiralty (Mr. A. V. Alexander—on right)

he sloop "Woodpecker" goes into the attack, and Captain Walker shouts encouragement to her through the loud-hailer—"Go on, 'Woodpecker,' do your stuff and beat the pants off her!"

The hunt is on. On board the "Starling" Captain Walker (sandwich in hand) takes a bearing on a submerged U-boat on receiving the report, "Echo 180 degrees, Sir"

CAPTAIN F. J. WALKER brings the sloop "Starling" alongside as his vessel docks at Liverpool after her record patrol



HITS ON A GERMAN U-BOAT HERALD THE END. The vessel has already been abandoned by her crew, and the score of Captain Walker's group has now been raised to seventeen kills

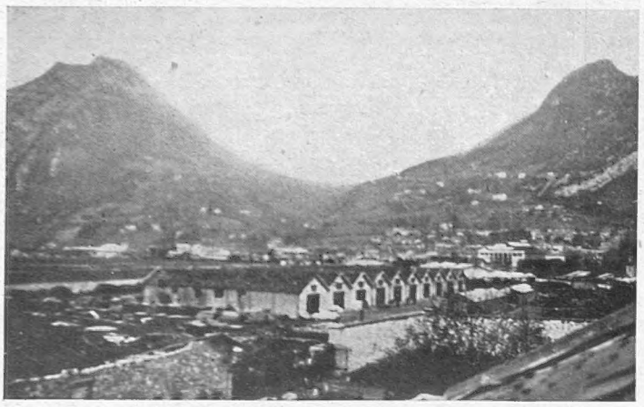
MEMBERS OF A SUNK GERMAN U-BOAT swimming to the "Starling" to be picked up

PATIENCE IS REWARDED! Members of the "Starling's" crew lean overboard to collect pieces of floating U-boat debris

When the cruiser *Ajax* returned to Britain from her successful encounter with the *Graf Spee*, the warship was given a special welcome by the Admiralty. The second occasion of this nature was a few days ago, when Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, went to Liverpool to welcome Captain F. J. Walker and the "little ships" comprising the Second Escort Group. For these vessels had just delivered the most shattering blow to the German Navy by sinking six U-boats in one cruise during the course of a battle which lasted twenty days in the North Atlantic. Captain Walker (who has been awarded the D.S.O. three times) is the Navy's ace U-boat killer. The ships which he leads into action have now accounted for seventeen of the enemy's under-water craft. The ships comprising his Second Escort Group consist of six sloops, of which *Starling* is the leader: one of them, H.M.S. *Woodpecker*, was hit by a torpedo and foundered some days later under stress of heavy weather. During the course of this latest and most successful patrol, the flotilla was so heavily engaged that it had to borrow depth-charges from a convoy! Fifty-one men—an entire U-boat crew—were brought back as prisoners of war. When the ships steamed into port, 1,500 naval ratings and Wrens were lined up with the First Lord to cheer the victors in.

SABOTAGE by the FRENCH "UNDERGROUND"

What Happened at Grenoble in November Last, when French Patriots took Their Revenge on the Germans



THE ARTILLERY PARK AT GRENOBLE, before the French patriots blew it up on the night of November 13. Great damage was wrought in the subsequent explosions

THE FIRST BIG EXPLOSION LIGHTS UP THE NIGHT SKY. The munitions stored in the Artillery Park blew up at intervals throughout the entire night

SMASHED ARTILLERY AT GRENOBLE THE MORNING AFTER THE GREAT ACT OF SABOTAGE. Fifty tons of powder and fifty tons of high explosives were destroyed, with shells, grenades, light-signals and bombs. Ten anti-tank guns were destroyed, as well as plant for fortifications. Eighty German cars were seriously damaged. All the artillery spare-parts in the park were rendered unusable and the workshops mostly damaged beyond repair

THE SECOND ATTACK. When the Germans refused to liberate the hostages taken after the first attack, the Underground Forces blew up the barracks. Two hundred and twenty Germans were killed outright and another 500 were wounded

HOW THE GRENOBLE BARRACKS WERE DESTROYED. One entire district of the town was blasted by the main explosion and by the minor explosions which followed

In a speech made to the Consultative Assembly in Algiers on March 2, M. Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerié (Commissar of the Interior in the French Committee for National Liberation), said: "During the last months of the year 1943, without any doubt, Grenoble won the first place in French resistance. . . ." These pictures show what he meant when he made this statement about the heroic defiance of the French "Underground." The saboteurs of the city of Grenoble, on the night of November 13, placed detonators in position in the big German artillery park, near a spot where 30 tons of powder and 300 tons of enemy ammunition had been placed. At forty minutes after midnight on November 14 the dumps were blown up. Explosions took place at intervals throughout the entire night. The aspect of the park after this catastrophe is shown in the big picture in the centre above. Following their usual procedure, the Germans arrested 300 French hostages. The patriot leaders then sent an ultimatum to the enemy demanding the immediate release of these innocent men. This was refused by the Germans. A few days later the Grenoble Barracks, occupied by German troops, were destroyed by the French patriots. More than 220 enemy soldiers were killed and more than 500 were wounded in this reprisal. The state of the barracks after this second attack is shown in the two lower pictures

THE EXPLOSION OF A BLOCKHOUSE ON NAMUR ISLAND REVEALS THE HIDING-PLACE OF JAP SOLDIERS THIRTY-SIX HOURS AFTER THE MARSHALL ISLANDS BATTLE: U.S. Marines directing a staggering Japanese, dressed only in a loin-cloth, away from the strong-point from which he has just emerged. Another is crawling from the wreckage beneath the door, while between them lies a third Japanese—dead

THE TREACHEROUS JAPS

Three Pictures from the Recent Fighting in the Pacific Battle Zone

Throughout the Pacific, from Hong Kong down to New Guinea, the Japanese soldiery have earned a new reputation—of brutality and bestiality. The U.S. Marines, the Indians in Burma, the Diggers in New Guinea, the Dutch in the Islands, all know the little Yellow Man for what he is—a dangerous and a cunning adversary who will stop at nothing that is treacherous. The picture reproduced above comes from Namur Island in the Kwajalein atoll of the Marshall Islands. Thirty-six hours after its capture by the Americans a blockhouse blew up. The resultant explosion burst open a steel door and revealed a Japanese soldier dressed in a loin-cloth. Three more Japs were found inside the doorway. There had been twenty all told. It is thought that they were waiting for a Jap counter-attack, when they would emerge and again take part in the fighting

WITH HIS HANDS HELD HIGH after he had been helped from his pill-box on Namur Island, this wounded Jap soldier tells the U.S. Marines that there is another Jap in the pill-box who is afraid to give himself up. The Americans, and every other nationality fighting against the Japs in the Pacific, never trust the enemy, for his treachery and cruelty have been revealed in every campaign

HOW THE AUSTRALIANS PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST JAPANESE TREACHERY. This man was captured in the New Guinea fighting. Before being transported to the rear, the two Diggers blindfolded him to guard against a possible surprise by an uncivilised and brutal enemy, whose cruelty is now acknowledged all over the Pacific

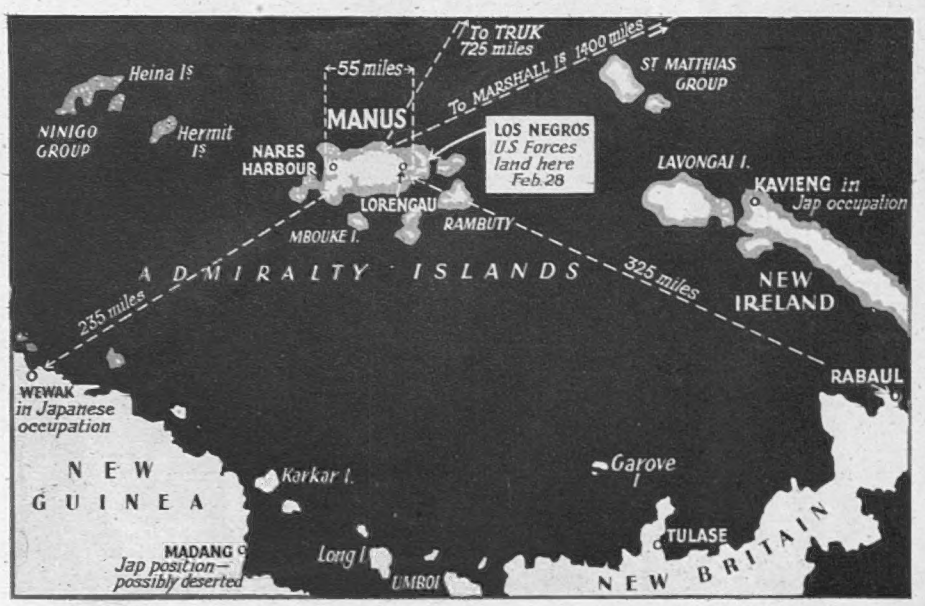
FIGHTING IN THE PACIFIC

The American Landing on the Admiralty Islands, and the Assault on Truk

The Admiralty Islands lie off the northern coast of New Guinea, about 300 miles north-west of New Britain (which contains the important Jap base of Rabaul), and 250 miles north-east of New Guinea (which contains another Jap base at Wewak). The islands form part of the Bismarck Archipelago, their total area being some 600 square miles. There are some forty islands in the group, the largest being the mountainous Manus, which is 55 miles long. Lying off this principal Jap-held position are three smaller, but equally important, islets (as shown in the large drawing on the right).

The American landing, on February 29, was made on one of these—Los Negros. Both the latter and its adjoining island—containing the strategically important Momote airfield—were captured and held in the face of strong enemy counter-attacks, as detailed in the letterpress beneath the drawing. The natives of the group are of Papuan origin and reputedly cannibals. The islands were discovered by the Dutch in 1616. In 1885 they became part of a German Protectorate, but were occupied by Australian troops in September 1914. In the most recent landings, General MacArthur himself witnessed the assault from a warship. A heavy attack was launched from the air before the American troops went ashore.

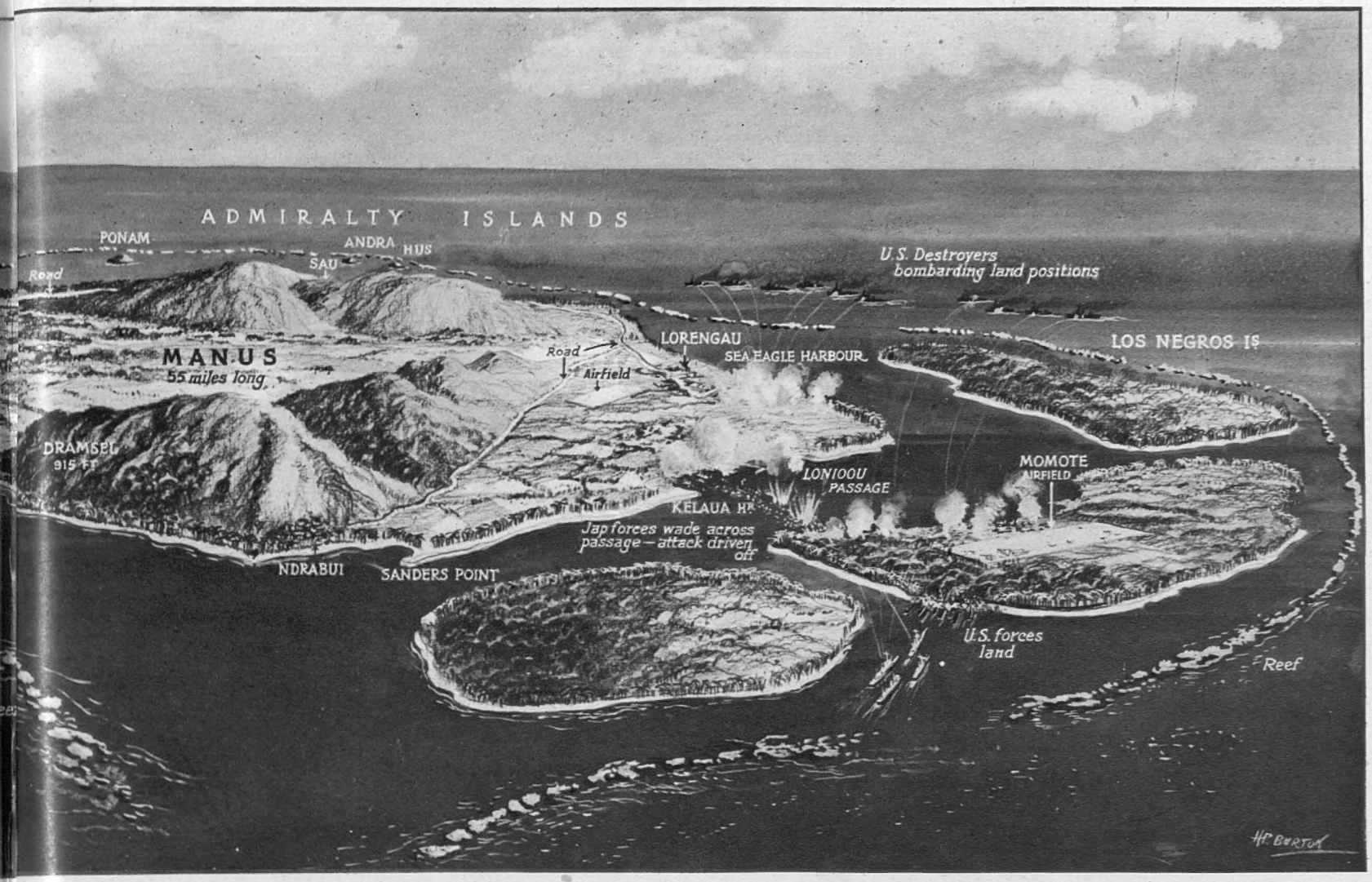
By establishing themselves in the Admiralty group, it is obvious that the Americans intend to straddle the lines of communication between Wewak and Rabaul, and the Jap supply bases to the north. The occupation of Manus and the possession of Momote Airfield would place the Americans in a favourable position to carry out this project and cut off the two bases.



THE ADMIRALTY GROUP AND ITS RELATION TO THE JAP BASES at Wewak, in New Guinea, and Rabaul, in New Britain. By occupying these islands the Americans would then lie across the enemy's lines of communication in the South-West Pacific

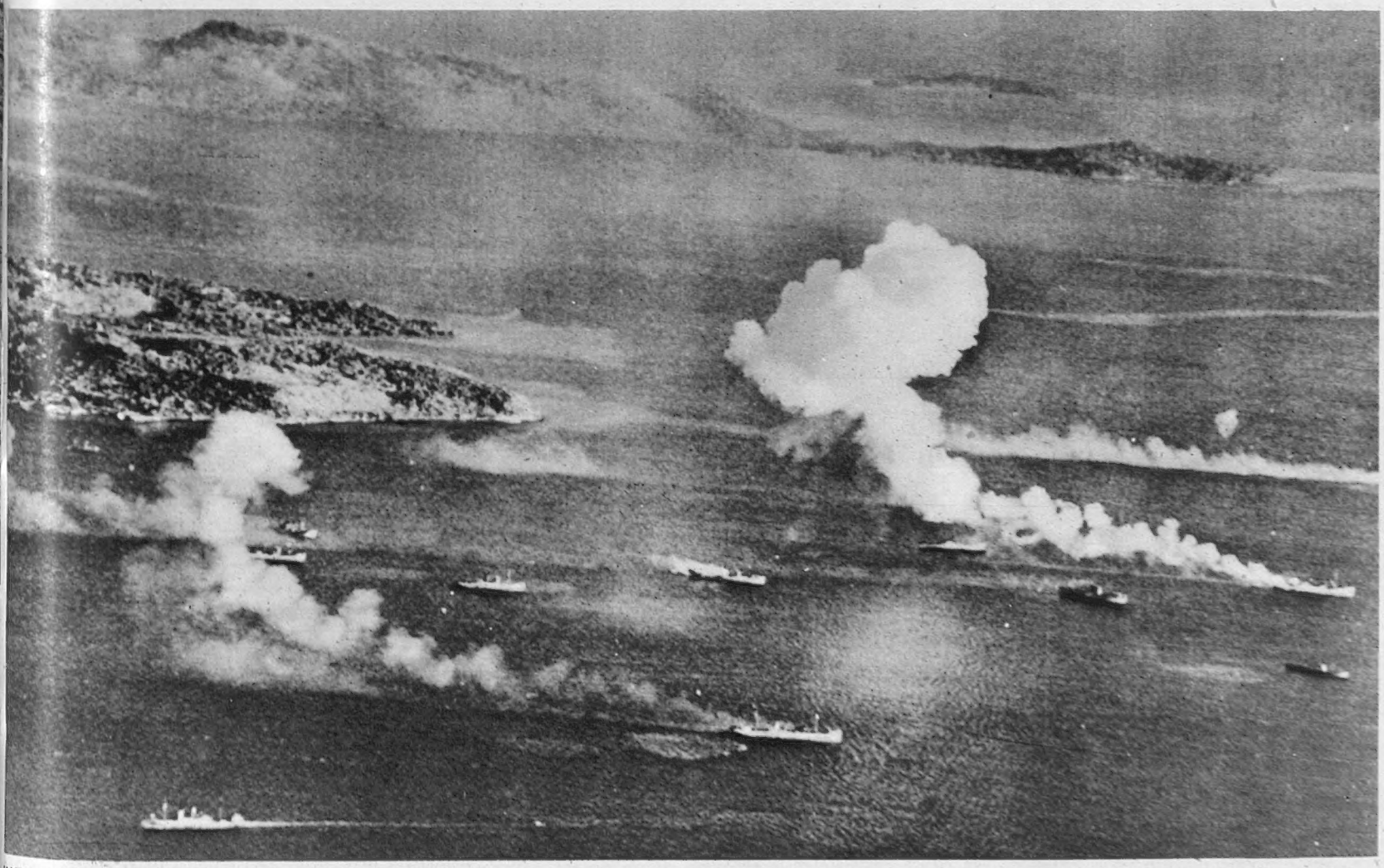
On left—**THIS IS THE NOW FAMOUS "PIMPLE," stormed at bayonet point by Australian troops.** For two months this great obstacle had delayed the capture of "Shaggy Ridge," which barred the approach to Bogadjim, in Northern New Guinea. Known as the "Green Sniper's Pimple," it rises a sheer 100 ft. over the northern end of the 5,600-ft. Shaggy Ridge—a Gibraltar in miniature which dominates the Ramu Valley. Following one of the biggest and most sustained artillery and dive-bombing barrages of the South-West Pacific war, Australian infantrymen literally clawed their way through fire to the crest of the crag. They captured it in two hours. *Above*—**Dug in like Rabbits.** Australian infantry in the burrows on the precipitous side of the captured Pimple. These burrows extend all the way up to the top of this "One-Man Front." The picture above is an enlarged portion of the one on the left

On right—Truk is the most important Japanese naval base in the Central Pacific. On February 16 the American Navy carried out a great attack on the harbour, and as a result the enemy lost nineteen ships and 201 planes. The picture on the right was taken just as the air attack opened, with Japanese warships and merchantmen attempting to scuttle to safety from the rain of bombs from American carrier-borne aircraft. Several hundred planes took part in the operation, which Admiral Nimitz described as a "return visit" for Pearl Harbour



THE ADMIRALTY GROUP OF ISLANDS, OFF THE NORTHERN COAST OF NEW GUINEA, WHERE THE AMERICANS LANDED ON FEBRUARY 29 ON LOS NEGROS, one of the larger islands which lies to the east of Manus. The Momote Airfield was captured in the first assault—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*

When the Americans attacked the Japanese in the Admiralty Islands, the assault was launched from near Los Negros Island. Troops were landed, under the eye of General MacArthur himself, on that island and on Momote, where the airfield was soon in American hands. Dismounted elements of the First Cavalry Division made the landing from destroyers covered by an air and naval bombardment. Japanese resistance on Momote was rapidly overcome: the airfield was found to be in excellent condition and is probably already being used to provide fighter cover for further operations. Why the enemy left such strategically important islands as Los Negros and Momote so lightly protected has not yet been explained. Time after time after its capture, the Japanese hurled themselves against the Americans on the key airfield; but the enemy's troops were mown down in waves before they finally recoiled in complete defeat. It is from Manus that the reinforcements were raced up by the Japs for their frenzied bids, and it was by wading across the narrow passage between Manus and Momote that the attacks were made. The official American report described this encounter as one of the fiercest of the Pacific war. Japanese dead and wounded are estimated at 3,000: the Americans lost 61 killed and 244 wounded



THE JAPANESE NAVY CAUGHT BY THE AMERICANS AT TRUK. LOOKING DOWN AT SOME OF THE ENEMY VESSELS CAUGHT IN THE GREAT ENEMY NAVAL BASE ON FEBRUARY 16. The ships are getting up steam in an effort to escape from the bombers, but the swift thrusts of the American carrier-based planes were too much for them. Many of the vessels seen in this picture are now lying at the bottom of the deep water anchorages in which they were trapped (See note at left)

A NEW MEDIUM-SIZED POWER In the MAKING

The Union of Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg Into a Post-war Defensive and Economic Entente.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

FOLLOWING their practice of fishing for "careless replies," the Germans have been focusing our attention on Holland and Belgium, where a variety of extreme, last-minute moves to counter invasion are said to have been taken under the personal supervision of Rommel and Rundstedt.

Reading through the German boasting, one deduces that the populations will be crippled in order to prolong the defensive, but that the underlying hope is not so much of withstanding Allied attack indefinitely, as of so weakening the Low Countries by selective human suppression, by flooding and devastation, special wrecking and removal, that for long years to come these lands will be like the other countries bordering Germany—too weak to settle final accounts with the Germans, who in time will recover and again strike first.

If this be the German plan—and there is every reason to believe that it is—then the present interval of grievous stress being experienced by all Dutch, Belgians and Luxembourgers is peculiarly suitable for mentioning the negotiations going forward in London with a view to binding Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg in a close future economic, customs and monetary unity.

THE DUTCH "FÜHRER," MUSSERT. Chief of the Dutch Nazi Party and one of the leading European quislings, Mussert was named "Führer of the Dutch People" in January 1943. Here he is seen "greeting his followers" on arrival at the Amsterdam Airport after his dizzy elevation

The present position is that a currency agreement exists since last autumn; that a customs and economic union will almost certainly be tested during the immediate post-war period of relief and rehabilitation; and that should this union prove itself in the eyes of Parliaments concerned, it can only be a matter of time before two rich colonial empires are included in its clauses.

As things are, the empires of both countries are precluded by international treaties from granting preferences to imports from their respective mother countries. Britain and France could even remind Brussels and The Hague, as they did in 1932, that any customs union would have to recognise the Most-Favoured-Nations clause in their regard, and that without reciprocity. Yet it is very unlikely that London and Paris will be as exigent after this war; indeed, the signs are all the other way. A strong and united Low Countries are wished for, if only as part of the answer to Germany's proposed enfeebling of all her neighbours.

Dutch and Belgians (with whom one associates Luxembourgers, who long had a financial, customs and rail union with Brussels) have been far from united in the past 130 years. The very circumstances under which Belgium came into being foreshadowed ill-feeling. The treaties of 1814 used the term "Low Countries" in a deliberately elastic sense to define a still unresolved area on the map. A secret protocol promised William of Orange an increase of territory to the south.

After Waterloo it was further decreed that this Prince Sovereign was to amalgamate the two territories of the Netherlands north and south. But nothing was done, and in 1830 the two halves of William's kingdom fell apart. A separate Belgian kingdom arose under Leopold, and for more than a century thereafter Holland and Belgium lived "like peevish, but pacific, neighbours."

The war of 1914-18 did nothing to cool the old fires of antipathy, the suffering Belgians alleging unkind things about the unsuffering Dutch (as has repeated itself in another connection in this war). But a gradual coming-together made itself manifest at Geneva in the '20's, and then that attempted customs union reinforced the new sentiment. In the immediate and menacing pre-war years, relations had so far improved that royal visits were exchanged, and I recollect a day in Brussels when it was thought King Leopold would bring back some new form of union from The Hague. But that chance was missed, and unseeing or evil forces kept the two countries ploughing lonely furrows until the Nazis swept upon both. One may date the present *entente* from May 10, 1940, when Ribbentrop called the Dutch and Belgian Ambassadors to his office at earliest morn. Although condescending to interview the envoys separately, Ribbentrop put on an identical act of furious reproaches. Proof positive lay in his hands that Holland and Belgium alike had violated the rules of neutrality by preparing to receive Anglo-French invaders (if such had only been the case months sooner!)

Ever since, the common yoke of Nazism has fortified and developed the friendship of the Dutch and Belgian peoples, whose new comradeship has been memorably orchestrated from London.

While one does not suggest that Hitler did not make headway, in neither country did his success outlast the first signs of Nazi military discomfiture, and this is all the more praiseworthy, inasmuch as the Nazis did nothing less than seek to make pets of the Dutch and Belgians. Each was treated as more of an equal than were any others. Yet it availed little. At first glimmering that the German heel might not after all repose for generations on Dutch and Belgians, the respective quislings, Mussert and Degrelle, took the downward curve.

The situation is such that a leading collaborationist, Raymond de Becker, editor of the Nazi-controlled Brussels *Soir* (the local *Times*), can turn round and inform his masters in so many words that they produced no plan for the governance of Europe, and that the Germans have been completely lacking in psychology. "They have no proper sense of reality," writes Raymond. "If one points out something with which they do not agree, they think one is being hostile."

If resistance is stronger at the moment in Belgium, that is because the Dutch expressed themselves prematurely last summer, with the result that the smooth Hitlerian importee, Seyss-Inquart, bore down on hundreds of thousands. The Dutch are out after Seyss, wherever he lands. The Belgians were more canny, but to-day, with their "White Army" in Flanders and their *maquis* groups in the High Ardennes, are giving the worried Nazis something additional to worry about. The Nazis are believed to be bringing back Dutch and Belgian quisling units from other theatres in the hope of promoting civil war.

Little Luxembourg is intimately wrapped up in all this. The Germans began by proclaiming the Luxembourgers "blood brothers." The sequel was a smack in the eye when the "blood brothers" rejected German nationality by a 97 per cent. majority. Whereupon the Germans annexed Luxembourg. In the eighteen months since then, the 3 per cent. collaborationists have not increased. It means that 3,000 in the whole Duchy will have to go east with the Nazis when the Grand Duchess's Government approaches under Allied guard.

Three per cent. is likewise the proportion listed for Belgium, though this means that 85,000 collaborationists will have to be dealt with should they risk staying on after the German withdrawal. In Holland, the figure is closer to 100,000, this total including all Mussert's young men and maidens. Incidentally, the Dutch take the punishment of their war criminals as seriously as do the Norwegians and the French, and if the British and American liberators wish to court unnecessary criticism, they have only to butt in upon what is essentially a quite private issue.

The end of the war will bring many huge problems for Dutch and Belgians. Some of these problems we know already. It is estimated that over 1,200,000 Dutch and Belgians have been deported, imprisoned or otherwise uprooted. The Belgians reckon it will take at least four months of constant hard effort to bring back their scattered 600,000 to the homeland. The Dutch think the great business of resettlement will take longer. Their missing population is composed of 400,000 workpeople, 120,000 Jews, 30,000 prisoners of war, 5,000 students and 2,000 interned. But to these must be added a great many Dutch families who have been uprooted to make clearance of the coast, and in order to make room for Germans fleeing from Rhineland and Ruhr.

It is obvious that the Low Countries will stand a much better chance of getting their own back if they come together. There is little in their respective compositions to make for difficulty. They are to a large extent complementary. Belgium has 8,000,000 people, of whom 6,000,000 live on industry, etc., and 2,000,000 on agriculture. In Holland's case, the figures may be approximately reversed.

As for Luxembourg's 300,000, they come under the Belgian categories. But Luxembourg has an importance out of keeping with its population: as the main natural bridge between France and Germany, and as the centre of Europe's chief iron-ore basin. Not for nothing used Luxembourg Fortress, with its natural ramparts, be called "the Gibraltar of the North." Here in the Ardennes is a main gateway to and from the wider Continent.

So it means that a new, medium-sized Power of close on 17,000,000 population, and very many millions more when it comes to counting colonial and native offshoots, may be coming into being on Britain's doorstep, since it is inevitable that when countries unite over money and economics, they face the world united over other matters also.

What relationship other than a naturally cordial one the new Low Countries will bear to Britain is beyond present seeing.

In each case, preparations to take over from the Nazis are roughly the same. At first a state of siege will be declared in those parts liberated. No elections will be held for perhaps eighteen months. But from the start existing administrations, local and central, will be employed, less marked traitors. The Germans will take many pre-1940 officials with them, so substitutes will have to be brought from London or recruited on the spot. The political form in each country will be the constitutional monarchy in a democracy, the only uncertainty being about King Leopold. It is not thought Belgians want a republic. The Dutch do not.

"FLEMISH VOLUNTEERS LEAVE FOR THE EAST FRONT." This unit was raised in Belgium recently for service against the Russians. Composed mainly of the very young—and the very rash—the unit is seen above marching through the streets of Antwerp. All are wearing the uniform of the German Army

FIGHTING IN THE RIVER GULLIES ON THE WESTERN FLANK OF THE BEACHHEAD—one of the areas of fierce fighting around the River Moletta, where gullies and houses have been converted by the Germans into strong-points—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

WITHIN THE BEACHHEAD

The "Hot Spot" on the West Flank of the Line; and the Solving of a "Mystery" by the Reconnaissance Corps

—Two Special Sphere Drawings

One of the hottest spots in the beachhead perimeter has been the area of the western flank of the Allied position, where it runs down to the long line of sand-dunes which here border a bare coastline. The monotony of the shore is indeed only broken by the seaward ends of stream beds which cut their way down from the higher ground inland. The chief of these streams is the River Moletta, which appears to flow regularly; other lesser streams only irregularly fill their beds under excessive rainfall. Across this otherwise flattish country runs the road from Anzio to Ardea, a picturesquely placed little town on rising ground. Thence one can continue to Rome, a less frequented and more leisurely route to the capital than the motor road to Albano. Among the grazing-meadows and small orchards are a number of farm and manor houses, some of which, occupied by the enemy, have proved troublesome. Their occupants had to be "winkled out" by paratroop methods. A dominating feature is the Bosco Fossignano, which borders the farther side of the Moletta.

AN INCIDENT DURING THE GERMANS' FIRST HEAVY ATTACK AGAINST THE BEACHHEAD. The discovery of an enemy "hide-out" in a wood, and how the German troops were trapped by men of the first British Reconnaissance Regiment—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

For a week during the Germans' first heavy attack against the beachhead, a British "thin red line" was strung out along two miles of the perimeter defences. This line was made up of 172 men of the Reconnaissance Corps. Their colonel has himself described one of the actions in which his men took part, and which is illustrated by our artist in the drawing above. "We had mortars and twelve anti-tank guns, with a field battery of 25-pounders we could call on if in trouble," he said. "Our first worry was a wood 150 yards ahead. We sent a patrol out on the first night, and they found a 'tank harbour,' but no sign that there were any enemy: what puzzled us was the amount of fire movement by day from the wood. We couldn't make it out how the wood became alive with Germans. . . . We decided to try and clear out four farmhouses which the enemy held in strength behind the wood. The leading assault troop cleared out the first house, although the Germans tossed hand grenades from the windows. The next farmhouse was 20 yards away. A machine-gun pinned the assault party to the ground between the two houses. Just as our men were getting in the front door they spotted reinforcements coming down a side road. With four Bren guns they waited until the Germans were within 20 yards. None of them arrived at the house. In a big hole in the ground covered with corrugated iron and undergrowth 100 Germans lived by day, watching our patrols trying to solve the mystery of the empty wood that filled with Germans at night. The attack on the four houses caused chaos in the enemy camp"

THE MONASTERY AT CASSINO UNDER SHELLFIRE, as seen from a forward Observation Post. Behind towers the snow-capped summit of Monte Cairo

UP in the ITALIAN HILLS

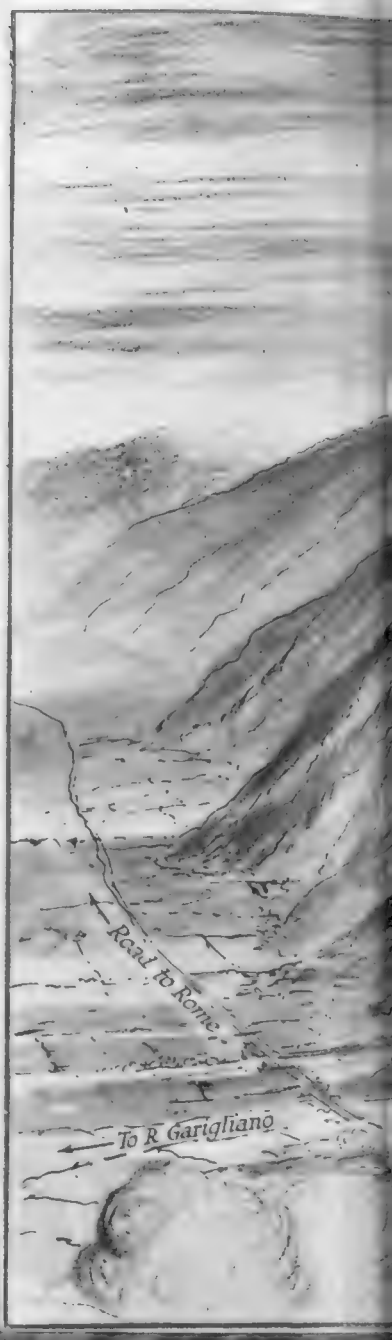
On the Main Fifth Army Front Around Cassino and the Garigliano River

—Special Sphere Drawings

Below—**FIGHTING UP IN THE MOUNTAINS : The scene on the track up to Monte Ornito**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

"Half the difficulty of fighting in country like this lies in the problem of supply," declared a *Times* correspondent in a recent despatch. "Without any load to carry, I took nearly three hours to plod from the valley to the top of Monte Ornito. All the way up supply convoys filled the tracks, moving far more slowly; first there were mules, led by Tunisian muleteers, and then on the higher tracks 100 Basuto carriers, chattering all the time in spite of their heavy load. This traffic had to be almost continuous, bringing rations, water, ammunition and other stores. In the opposite direction were streaming unloaded mules and carriers, with here and there stretcher squads carrying wounded men. Stretcher-bearers have relay posts every few hundred yards. Empire troops were doing this work. In good conditions a casualty here takes twelve hours from the front line to the Casualty Clearing Station. In bad conditions the journey takes twenty hours"

On right—The mountain scenery amid which the Fifth Army have been fighting through the long winter months has been of a most striking character. But nowhere, on any sector yet reached, does the grouping of valley, ravine, cliff walls, and towering heights approach such panoramic splendour as it does at the point where the River Rapido flows past Cassino to join the Garigliano River. War correspondents who have watched the operations from high points above Cervaro have recorded the way in which the panorama unfolds itself. One observation-post, in particular, stands face to face with the monastery which crowns the Abbey hill due west across the valley of the Rapido. To the right the hills rise like a castle wall, sheer above the valley; in the centre is the mediæval fortress crowning a rocky hill above the town of Cassino. There is some rough going in a rocky ravine immediately below the castle slopes. Backing this castle eminence is the sheer hill capped by the famous monastery, access to which in peacetime was gained by a long climb up a winding road swinging to left and right across the face of the hill. The monastery group stands on a plateau—an offshoot of the Monte Castellone mass, but separated by a deep gully or ravine. The high ground rises to the left, climbing through Santa Lucia to Monte Castellone, some sheer and dizzy slopes being passed on the left. From Monte Castellone one looks across an intervening high valley to the towering mass of Monte Cairo which dominates all the country around. During recent weeks the peaks have been covered in snow



THE DRAMATIC PANORAMA OF THE CASSINO BATTLEGROUND AS SEEN FROM CERVARO. Looking across the Valley of the Rapido River the town of Cassino lies in the plain: above the town rise the hills surmounted by the Rocca and by the famous Monastery. Dominating the whole scene rise the towering summits of Monte Cairo and Monte Castellone, now clothed in snow (See notes at left)—*Drawing by Percy Horne*

THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH OUR SOLDIERS ARE LIVING AND FIGHTING IN THE CASTELFORTE REGION ON THE GARIGLIANO FRONT. The troops turn out of their hillside tarpaulin shelters to greet the arrival of the Army Postman—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

On fronts where rocks abound, where the soil is of a different texture, and where the rain is a much more frequent episode, some sort of tent is a vital necessity. Most of these tents are pathetically makeshift affairs. It is not worth while to elaborate them, since a unit seldom stays more than a week or two in precisely the same position in this sort of country. These waterproofs and tarpaulins, precariously secured by stakes or rocks, provide little more than a minimum of protection against the elements. After a heavy rainfall you notice pools of water forming in trodden mud outside each tent. Mail in the ordinary way comes up by carrier daily from the road. The bearer, with his sack on his back and his staff in his hand, looks for all the world like Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*. Newspapers also arrive daily in theory, but it is seldom practicable to enable them to be passed round to all members of a scattered unit, and men in the line are out of touch with the news for days at a time

BERLIN BY THE SPRING?

The Red Army's Offensive on the Eastern Front—and What it Implies for the Retreating Germans

IN their present series of retreats on the Russian Front, much will depend for the Germans on their ability to construct secure fortress lines, if they are not to witness the spectacle of hordes of Red Army soldiers within the territory of the Reich itself quite soon. According to their own propaganda, the Germans are still fighting in the main a good distance east of a strongly constructed "wall" running approximately down the borders of Latvia and Lithuania, the pre-war Polish frontier, and the River Pruth in Rumania.

On all the evidence of this war, it would be injudicious to consider that any of the German obstacles are likely to prove insurmountable for the Russians. They are doubtless constructed in great depth, and the main "East Wall" perhaps consists of half-a-dozen staggered rows of concrete gun emplacements, machine-gun nests and half-buried tanks, running back several miles. But the distance from one end to the other is tremendous—approximately a thousand miles—and it would be impossible to make each yard of these secure, or prevent the Russians from achieving at certain points penetrations which could later be developed into turning movements.

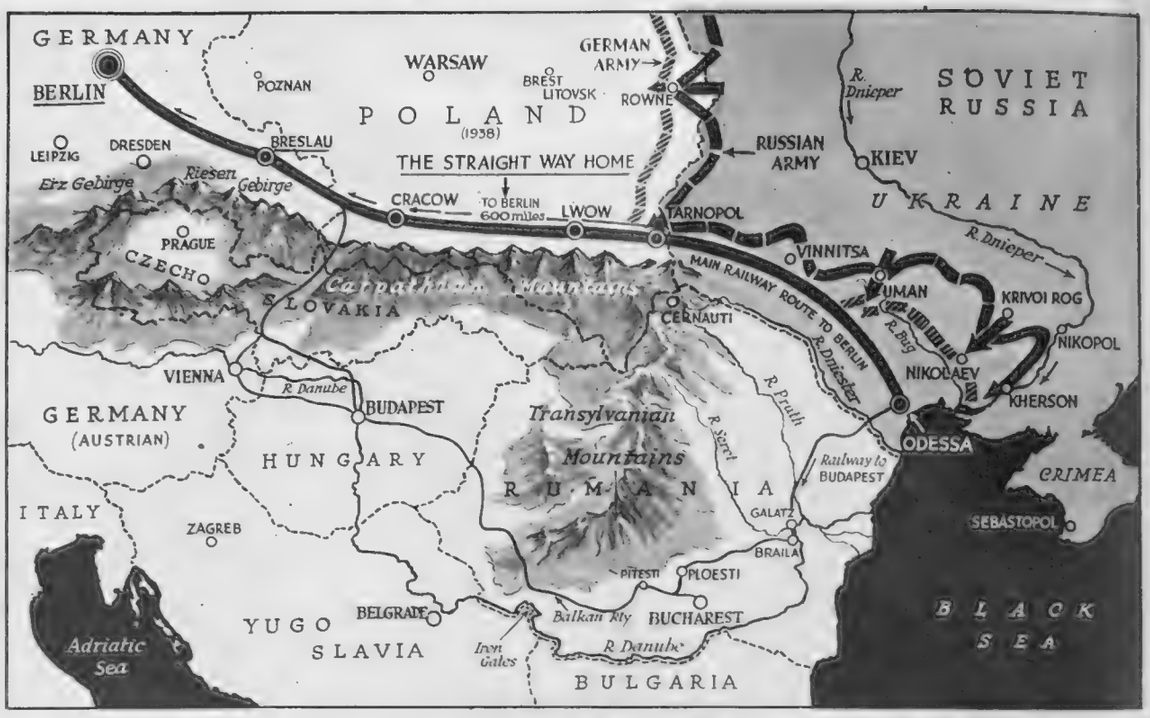
Apart from Stalingrad and Korzun, our Allies have not apparently succeeded in encircling and capturing any great bodies of the enemy, or bringing him to battle on a large scale and holding him there until destroyed. If Stalin is not to be given the lie, one must conclude that the Russians have chiefly aimed at killing or wounding the Germans during the continual campaigns of the last eighteen months, and that the enemy has usually succeeded in evacuating their wounded.

If the Germans had 257 divisions in Russia last year, their number to-day cannot be more than 190, most of which are diluted. May it not be reasonable to assume, therefore, that when our Continental invasion adds its heavy weight to the German commitments, the eastern armies of the *Wehrmacht* will crumble still quicker before the Soviet blows.

In weapons the Russians have a fire-power superiority, due to their artillery specialisation; and a German tank expert said the other day in Ankara that the Red Army have produced a new model of heavy tank against which the German anti-tank guns had proved ineffective, whereas "the Russian anti-tank artillery played havoc with the German Tiger tanks." We must credit the Red Army with novel tactics, and with speedily countering each enemy innovation. Then the *Luftwaffe* has been unable to spare sufficient fighters to provide the German Army on the Eastern Front with complete air cover.

Taking all these facts into consideration, one can safely predict a continuance of the Russian advances at their present rate—rarely at more than the pace of an infantry march. That, of course, would not bring them to Berlin by the spring! It is possible that the advance may be halted for a very long time indeed upon the line Narva-Odessa. It is equally possible that the result of one future battle on the Eastern Front may be to precipitate a moral landslide, after which the Red Army could surge ahead to Berlin in a week or too.

Probably the actual event will lie somewhere between those extremes. By the time of the melting of the snows this spring the Russians may be favourably established approximately along their old western frontiers. Later the Red Army would go over to the offensive, aiming in the south at the Rumanian oilfields, in the north at Berlin—and before all these operations had been completed the enemy probably would be done, especially if the Second Front has already opened.

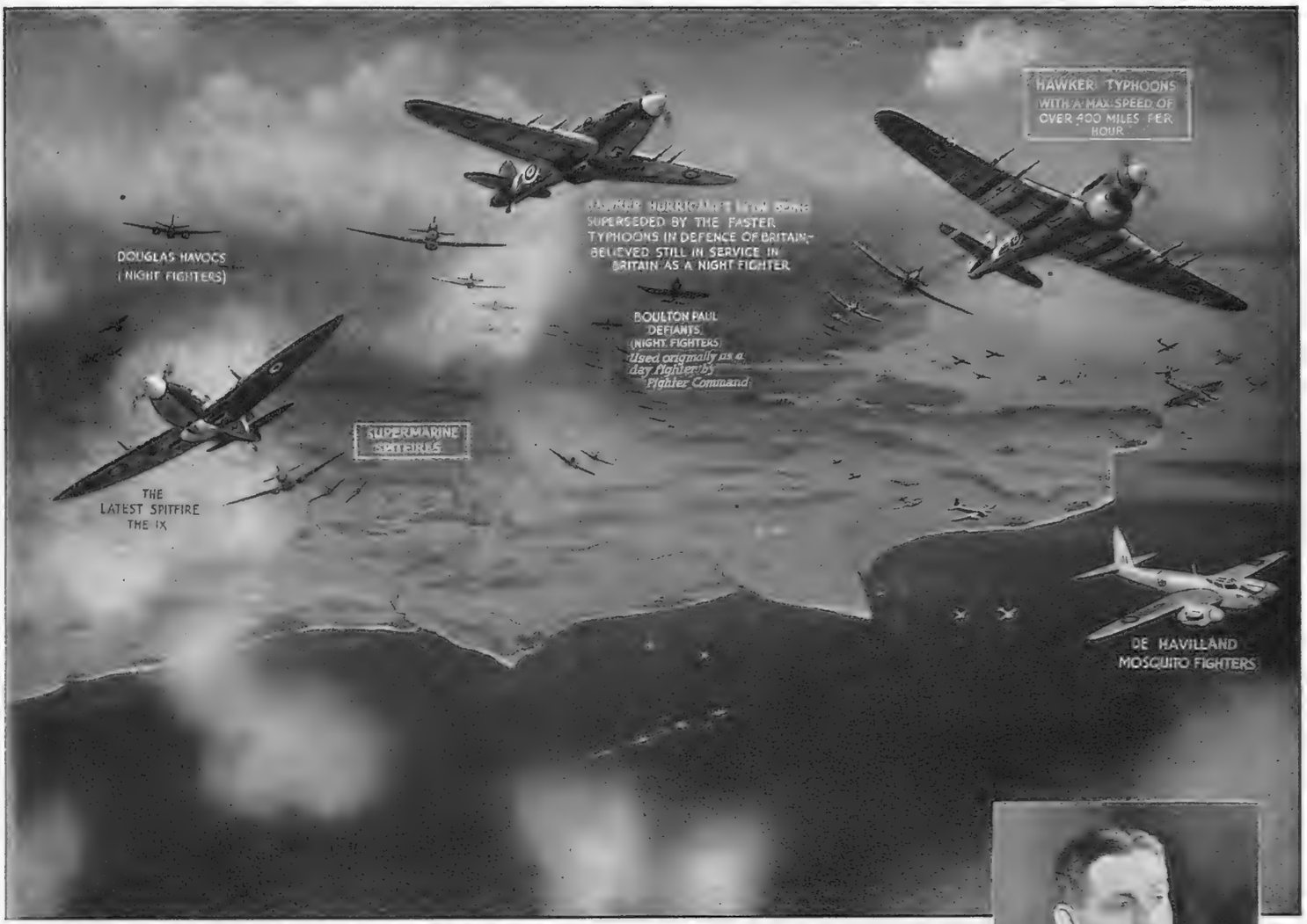


THE WAY HOME TO BERLIN, showing the mountain flank of the Carpathians which may confine the Germans to a definite route west of Tarnopol. The days when the German thrusts threatened various areas of Russia have gone completely. To-day the picture is entirely reversed. The question now is—by which route, or routes, will the German High Command disentangle its armies from its dangerous salients and get them on to safe routes towards Germany itself. A flat map does not indicate the difficulties of terrain: hence the two special maps reproduced here showing the menace of the mountain masses which hem in the retreating Germans

AN ALTERNATIVE ROUTE THROUGH RUMANIA by way of Bukarest and Budapest—which only a certain portion of the retreating German Army can follow, however

A GERMAN ROCKET GUN ON THE EASTERN FRONT: "The feared German weapon" which the Russians have, nevertheless, managed to overcome. It is mounted on a half-track vehicle and consists of a number of barrels

A RUSSIAN WEAPON: A Soviet machine-gun, mounted on a sled for use over the snow and ice. It was captured by the enemy during heavy fighting on the Eastern Front

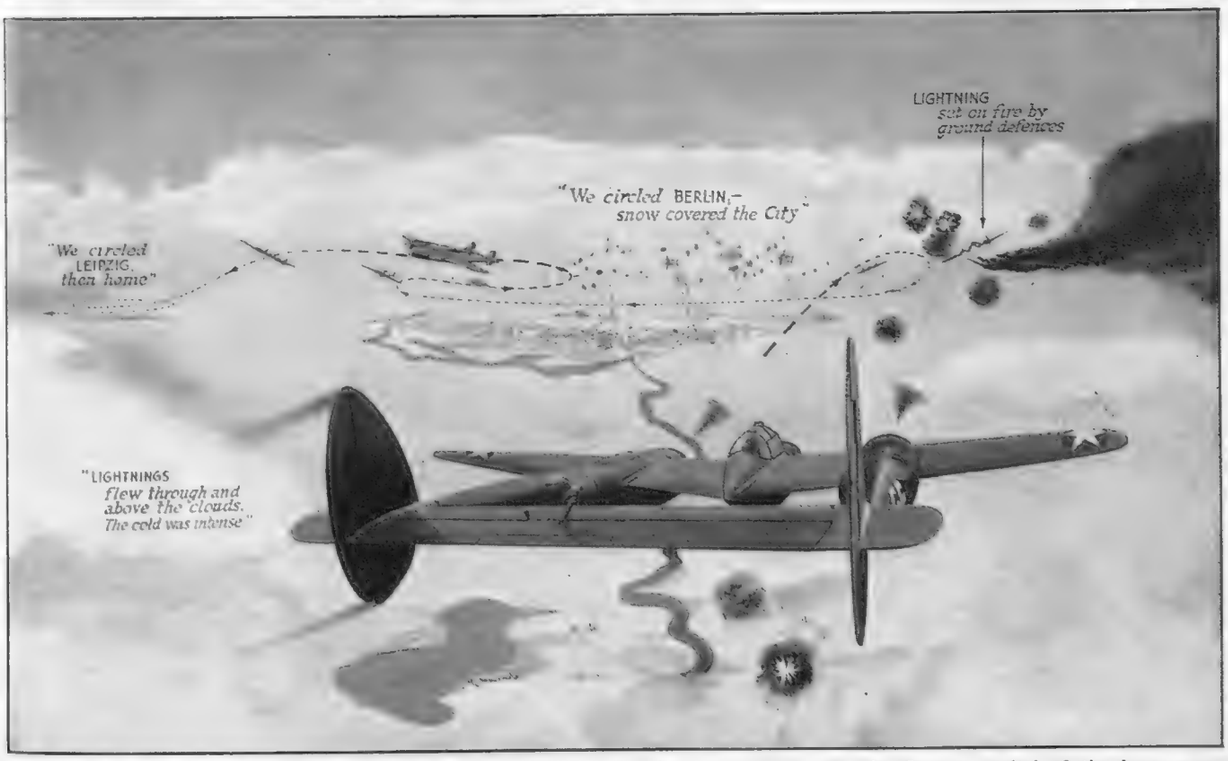


GOOD-BYE TO "FIGHTER COMMAND"

Which has Now Given Place to a New Organisation Known as "The Air Defence of Great Britain"

THE AIRCRAFT WHICH HELPED TO PROTECT BRITAIN UNDER THE NOW VANISHED "FIGHTER COMMAND": Showing the types which held the skies during the battles with the "Luftwaffe," and the latest versions of Spitfires and Hurricanes, which, in their earlier forms, made history during the Battle of Britain. The two latest aircraft of Fighter Command—the Typhoon and Mosquito fighter—are also shown—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

AIR MARSHAL R. M. HILL, C.B., M.C., A.F.C., who now commands the Air Defence of Great Britain, the force which has taken over the duties of Fighter Command



ALLIED FIGHTER AIRCRAFT NOW REACH OUT AS FAR AS BERLIN: The first appearance over the German capital of the long-range, American-built Lightnings—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

In their daylight operations over Berlin, the American heavy bombers have been escorted by Lightning and Mustang fighter aircraft. This is a tremendous portent of disasters to come, for never before have fighters made such long out-and-home trips by daylight. The Berlin flight was at least equal in distance to the previous record fighter penetration to Regensburg, when a round trip of 1,100 miles was made. The twin-engined Lightnings flew to the outskirts of the German capital, circled around and went about 15 miles beyond. The planes remained in the vicinity of the city for some fifteen minutes before heading back to England. They then flew south to Leipzig, made a circle of the town and then turned for home. Cloud was so thick that it formed a wall round Germany, reaching up to nearly 27,000 ft. The cold was intense as the aircraft formations strove to get above the clouds

Ever since the opening days of the war, we have been accustomed to think of "Fighter Command" as the force which protected this country against the assaults of the *Luftwaffe*. To-day, Fighter Command no longer exists: in its place we have "The Air Defence of Great Britain," under the command of Air Marshal Hill, which will now be responsible for the day and night defence of these islands.

The reason for this new force is the combination of the old Fighter Command and Army Co-operation Command with the American Ninth Air Force into the organisation which has become the "Allied Expeditionary Air Force," under the command of Air Chief-Marshal Leigh-Mallory. This has two main components—the Second British Tactical Air Force and the Ninth American Air Force, both of which will be used to support operations on the Continent of Europe when the Second Front is opened.

C

WHAT HAPPENS DURING HEAVY WEATHER. This is a picture of one of the new British Escort Carriers—merchantmen converted to carry aircraft on their flight decks for the protection of the convoys. In a heavy sea such as that seen above, the carrier's bows can rise and fall from 40 to 60 ft. This, of course, renders the pilot's job one of exceptional difficulty and hazard, especially when "landing on." The aircraft seen here in flying trim have been specially pegged down to prevent them from sliding off the deck into the sea

The WORK of the ESCORT CARRIERS

And an Amazing Deck Landing Made by a Naval Flying Officer

During a storm of such violence that men were unable to stand upright on the deck of an Escort Carrier, a young naval airman recently made an amazing landing back on the parent ship (see two drawings at right).

The wind strength was so great at the time that the normal landing conditions had to be reversed, and instead of approaching over the stern with the ship steaming into wind, the pilot, obeying orders, made his landing over the bows with the ship steaming down-wind. Although the wind along the carrier's flight deck was reduced by this manœuvre, it was still so powerful that when the Deck Landing Control Officer tried to help the pilot by giving him landing signals, he was unable to keep his balance. The pilot of the aircraft accomplished the feat, and his ship claims that the wind strength was a record for any landing.

The Escort Carrier was part of a force escorting a convoy. During the passage conditions were so bad that flying was seldom possible. During a break in the weather the pilot took off on a patrol. At the time of take-off there was a clear sky and practically no wind, but when the aircraft returned to the ship a violent storm was raging. The wind speed reached more than 60 knots, and the aircraft was kept circling round the ship in the hope that the weather would improve. When the light began to fail, however, it was decided to try to recover the aircraft.

The pilot was given his instructions, the normal conditions for landing were reversed and a perfect landing was made, despite the fact that during the recovery the carrier had to take avoiding action when two ships in the convoy suddenly loomed up out of the rain and mist. Even when the aircraft was on the flight deck, every available officer and man were required to hold it down

THE CORSAIR USED BY THE ROYAL NAVY FOR AIRCRAFT-CARRIER WORK. This is a single-seat fighter built in the United States. In the picture, it is shown with wings folded upwards and taxi-ing towards the lift for transference to the hangars below

A SCENE ON BOARD THE CARRIER "ILLUSTRIOUS." At certain times it becomes necessary to unload the ammunition on board. Such a scene is in progress here, with 4·5-in. shells being packed into their containers for transference ashore

"LANDING ON" THE FLIGHT DECK OF AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER. The aircraft is a Vought-Sikorsky Corsair: the pilot has throttled back under the direction of the Deck Landing Officer, and the plane is beginning to sink and make a good landing

THIS AIRCRAFT MET WITH MISFORTUNE! The pilot made a slight miscalculation: he throttled back too late, and must also have swung slightly just after the touch-down. The plane collided with the carrier's "island" (or control tower) and broke its back. Note the self-propelled crane in the background preparing to assist in the work of salvage

—LANDING ON THE DECK AT SEA IN A GALE OF MORE THAN 60 KNOTS—an amazing feat by a flying officer operating from an Escort Carrier. The aircraft has come down-wind to make a landing over the bows of the Carrier, which has also been steaming down-wind. The aircraft depicted is a Vought-Sikorsky Kingfisher, a two-seat reconnaissance plane which has been in service with the Royal Navy since 1941—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

—WITH THE ESCORT CARRIER STEAMING DOWN-WIND, TO MINIMISE THE TERRIFIC FORCE OF THE 60-KNOT GALE, the aircraft lands into wind. Every available officer and man had to come upon deck to help hold the plane down after it had made a successful landing in a greater wind strength than ever before experienced during flying operations (see *notes above on left*)—*Drawing by Roland Davie.*

In the JUNGLES and HILLS of BURMA

Where Native Levies have Joined in the Campaign Against the Treacherous Little Yellow Men

THE FORWARD POST OF A PUNJABI REGIMENT IN BURMA. This picture was made within sight and sound of an advanced Japanese position. The post has been roofed with logs and has been well camouflaged

ON THE ARAKAN FRONT. A Punjabi infantryman in a forward position overlooking the 7th Division "Box." At the time this picture was taken the Division was surrounded by the Japs: later they were able to force their way out of encirclement

A SCENE IN THE CHIN HILLS OF BURMA, WHERE THE NA hills as their British Colonel wa

BRITISH INFANTRYMEN IN THE MIDST OF THE BURMESE JUNGLE. The sergeant, smoking a home-made bamboo pipe, comes from Plymouth, and the other men are all members of a British south-country regiment now fighting in Arakan

A KACHIN JUNGLE SCOUT ready for action in the fork of a tree The long wooden sheath at his waist holds a "dah," o native knife, such as is used by all Kachins for wor amidst the thick and tangled Burmese jungle

N/ LEVIES ARE FIGHTING UNDER BRITISH DIRECTION AND INFLICTING BIG LOSSES ON THE JAPANESE. This drawing shows the scene at Headquarters up in the waceiving a marauding party after a successful raid against the enemy during which much booty was captured—*Drawing by Edward Osmond*

Whilst British and Indian troops have been fighting around their "bunkers" and "boxes" in the Arakan jungle (see last week's issue), another campaign of a stealthy, scattered, hide-and seek nature has been going on up in the Chin Hills. The fighters are the Chin Levies—men of the tribes inhabiting the Chin Hills, on the Indo-Burmese frontier. Some are old regulars of the Burma forces; some are tribesmen from enemy-occupied villages. British officers—many of them ex-Civil Servants—direct the broad lines of strategy, but usually the Chins operate by themselves in small bands. "Soon after I arrived at Headquarters," wrote one war correspondent recently, "a party of guerillas came in from an expedition many miles behind the front. One man was carrying a Japanese machine-gun, and each of the others shouldered a bag of miscellaneous booty captured in ambushes and raids. This they handed over to their British Colonel, who is one of the few regular officers with the Levies. Each man in the party was wearing a small patch of red cloth attached to his shirt with a safety-pin. This is the badge given to a Chin when he has killed his first Japanese. The Chins are a stocky race, invincibly cheerful: some wear shirts, others tattered jackets, others khaki sweaters. Some were shod in canvas shoes, others went barefoot. Some are using arms they have captured from the Japanese. Certain units are now provided with automatic weapons. The formation of the Chin Levies was begun after the Burma Government and the British forces withdrew into India in 1942. To-day the hillmen are well organised and doing a variety of jobs besides fighting"

AWAY FROM THE PROTECTIVE SCREEN OF THE JUNGLE (where they are quite at home), every man of a Kachin scout patrol is alert for enemy movements on the opposite shore. Two American soldiers lead the troop

CHINESE TROOPS, WHO HAVE BEEN TRAINED AND EQUIPPED BY GENERAL STILWELL'S FORCES, lead blindfolded Japanese prisoners to the rear. Chinese and Americans are now fighting side by side in Northern Burma

A BRITISH SUBMARINE'S ENCOUNTER WITH A JAPANESE WARSHIP IN THE MALACCA STRAITS, WHEN THE COMMANDER OF THE SUBMARINE DECIDED TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH THE SUBMARINE-CHASER ON THE SURFACE—an instance of an underwater craft being used as a submersible gunboat—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A British submarine which was lifted off the bed of the sea by depth-charges from a Japanese submarine-chaser, surfaced and fought a gun duel with her attacker, who was left stopped and silent. The story has been told by the submarine's commanding officer. "It happened," he said, "in the Malacca Straits, between Sumatra and the Malay States. We surfaced just before dawn, when I saw a black shape starting to follow us. As our pursuer seemed to be gaining on us, I decided to dive. Because of a sudden change in the density of the water, we bottomed, and as the enemy was rapidly approaching I decided to stay there for a while. Soon he started to drop depth-charges, which caused lamps to break and other minor damage. I knew that the hunting vessel had a very good idea of our position, and would undoubtedly call up reinforcements. It was possible that he might move far enough away for me to get off the bottom undetected and slip away. Failing that, I decided I would surface and fight it out before his friends arrived.

"I speeded up and got the submarine more or less under control," continued the commanding officer, "but more charges fell, each a little closer than the last. Our hydroplanes, steering and periscope were out of action; all our depth-gauges went crazy and there was much minor damage. We got the after-hydroplanes and the periscope to work, and when I took the ship to periscope depth I got a fleeting glimpse of the enemy—a small craft for which I felt we were more than a match."

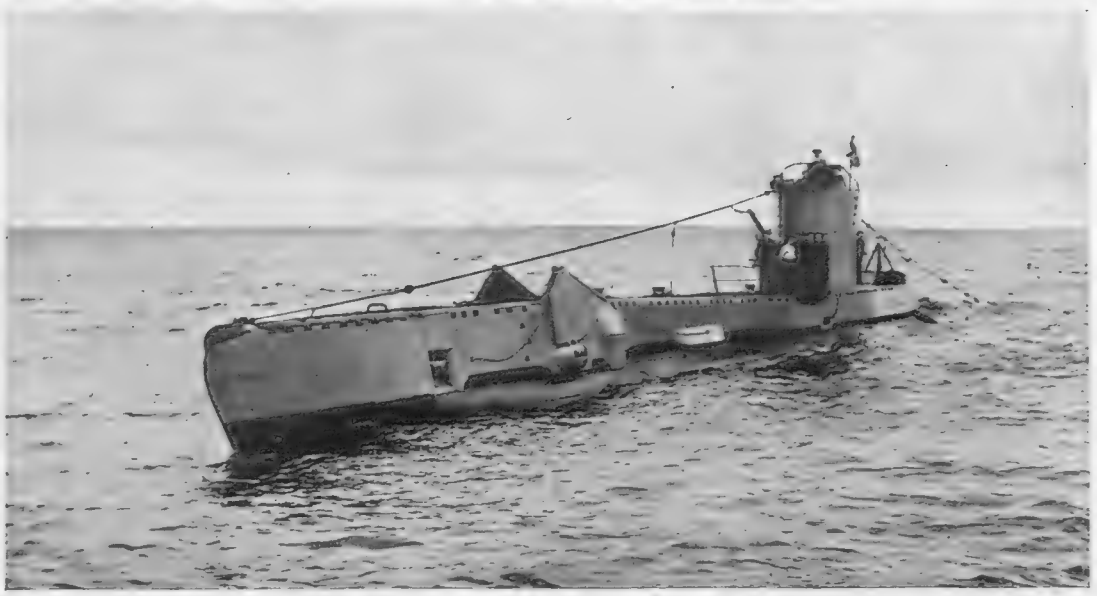
The story was taken up by the submarine's gunnery officer. "Despite a severe shaking on the bottom and the inaccurate machine-gun fire that greeted us as we surfaced, our gun's crew were soon in action, and one of their first shots silenced the submarine-chaser's gun. We saw what was left of the gun's crew making very hurriedly for cover. Another shot hit the bridge."

This seemed to cause the enemy to forget the demands of Bushido, for she turned away and increased speed. Other shots fell all over the ship, until one finally produced a highly-coloured flash aft. It apparently disabled the engines and steering-gear, as the chaser swung off her course and stopped. It was at this point that a Japanese bomber was observed to be cautiously circling the battle area. When the aircraft started to dive, the commanding officer decided it was time to dive too. When the bomber came in to attack, there were about fifteen people on deck. The captain sounded the diving warning while the gun was still firing. In a matter of seconds the vessel was under water, with every man safe inside.

***On left*—H.M. SUBMARINE "UPROAR" COMING IN FROM PATROL.** Displacing less than 800 tons, *Uproar* carries a complement of twenty-seven. She is one of the twenty-two vessels of the Ursula class, each of which is armed with six 21-in. torpedo-tubes and one 3-in. gun. She cost slightly over £200,000 to build

GALLANT EXPLOITS BY BRITISH SUBMARINES

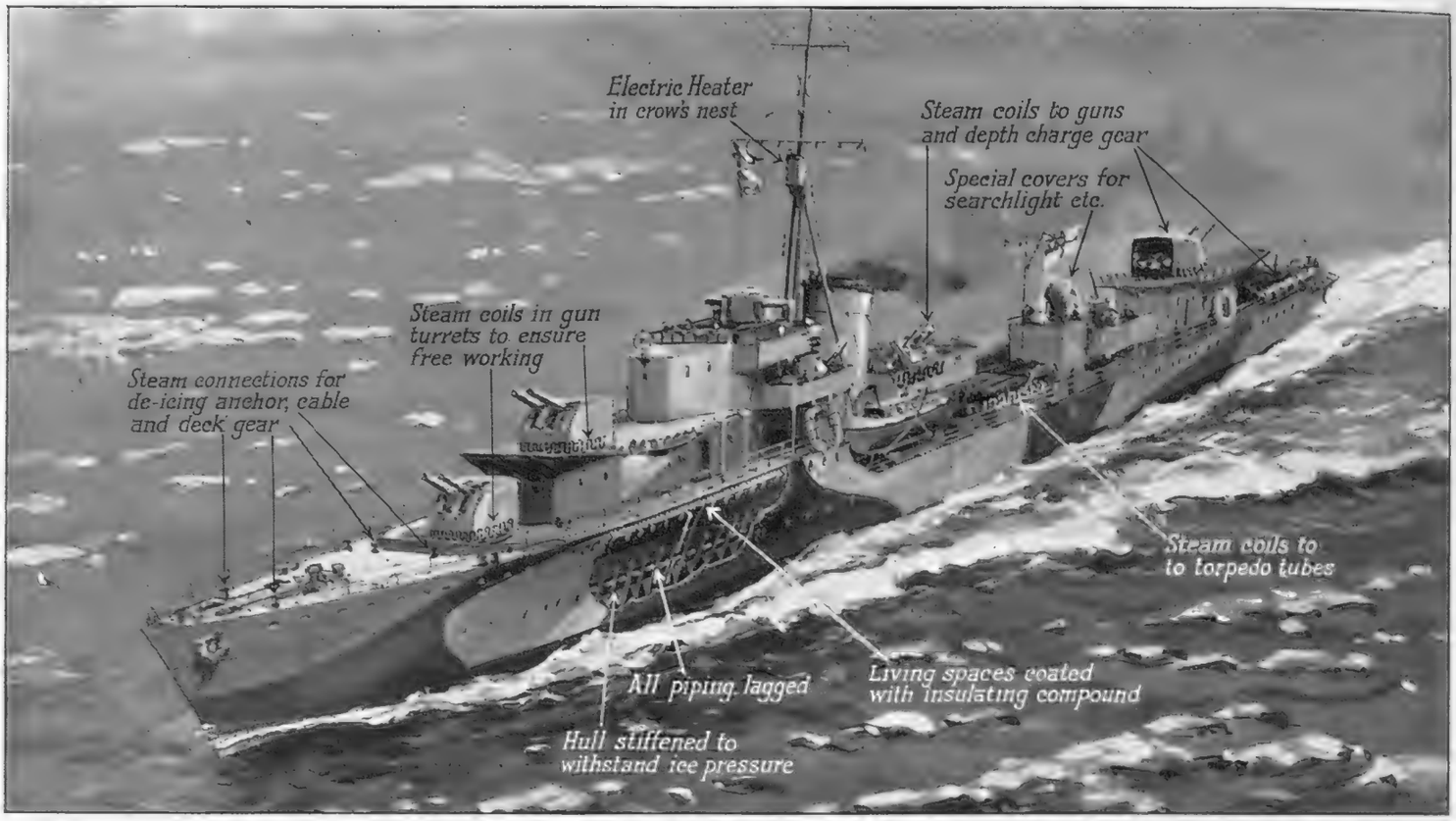
The Work of the Underwater Craft, Carried Out Under Hazardous—and Often Terrifying—Circumstances, from Japan to North Cape



NORWAY'S LATEST SUBMARINE, THE "ULA," sets off from a British port on another mission after having already sunk 25,000 tons of enemy shipping

The announcement in a Norwegian naval communiqué of recent successes by H.Nor.M. Submarine *Ula* brings the total tonnage of enemy shipping sunk during her nine months of operational service to at least 25,000 tons. She has also damaged many other ships. These successes are the more outstanding by the fact that they have been achieved mostly in northern waters, where less enemy shipping is to be found in comparison with other operational areas. Often the *Ula* has penetrated close inshore behind the islands of the Norwegian coast, sometimes to within only 1,000 yards of German coastal batteries. During one of her recent patrols the *Ula* attacked in the middle of the day an enemy convoy of eight supply ships, screened by six escort vessels and a number of aircraft. She scored torpedo hits on a 6,000-ton tanker and a 4,500-ton supply ship. A few days later, in almost the same position, *Ula* torpedoed a 2,000-ton supply ship, which sank shortly afterwards. The *Ula* was handed over to the Royal Norwegian Navy shortly after H.Nor.M. Submarine *Uredd* was lost last year. She is named after a place on the south coast of Norway. She was commissioned in March of last year in the presence of H.N.M. King Haakon, Admiral Corneliussen, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Norwegian Navy, and Admiral King, the British Naval Liaison Officer

***Below*—HOW THE "STUBBORN" CAME HOME after one of the most sensational patrols of the war.** H.M. Submarine *Stubborn* has returned safely to a home base after experiencing one of the most remarkable patrols of the war. During this patrol she successfully attacked two Nazi convoys off the Norwegian coast; was crippled by depth-charges so that, with her diving planes jammed in the extreme diving position, she descended swiftly to almost twice the depth for which she had been tested before pulling out of the dive; was kept from sinking out of control by using her crew as human balance-weights, while enemy surface craft hunted overhead; shot up to the surface and dived again until she hit the bottom, where she lay helpless while depth-charges exploded around her. With her bow pointing up at an angle of 70 degrees, the *Stubborn* was then brought to the surface. She was later towed out of the danger zone by two destroyers. The tow parted in a gale, and she steamed for 300 miles before again being taken in tow and brought to safety



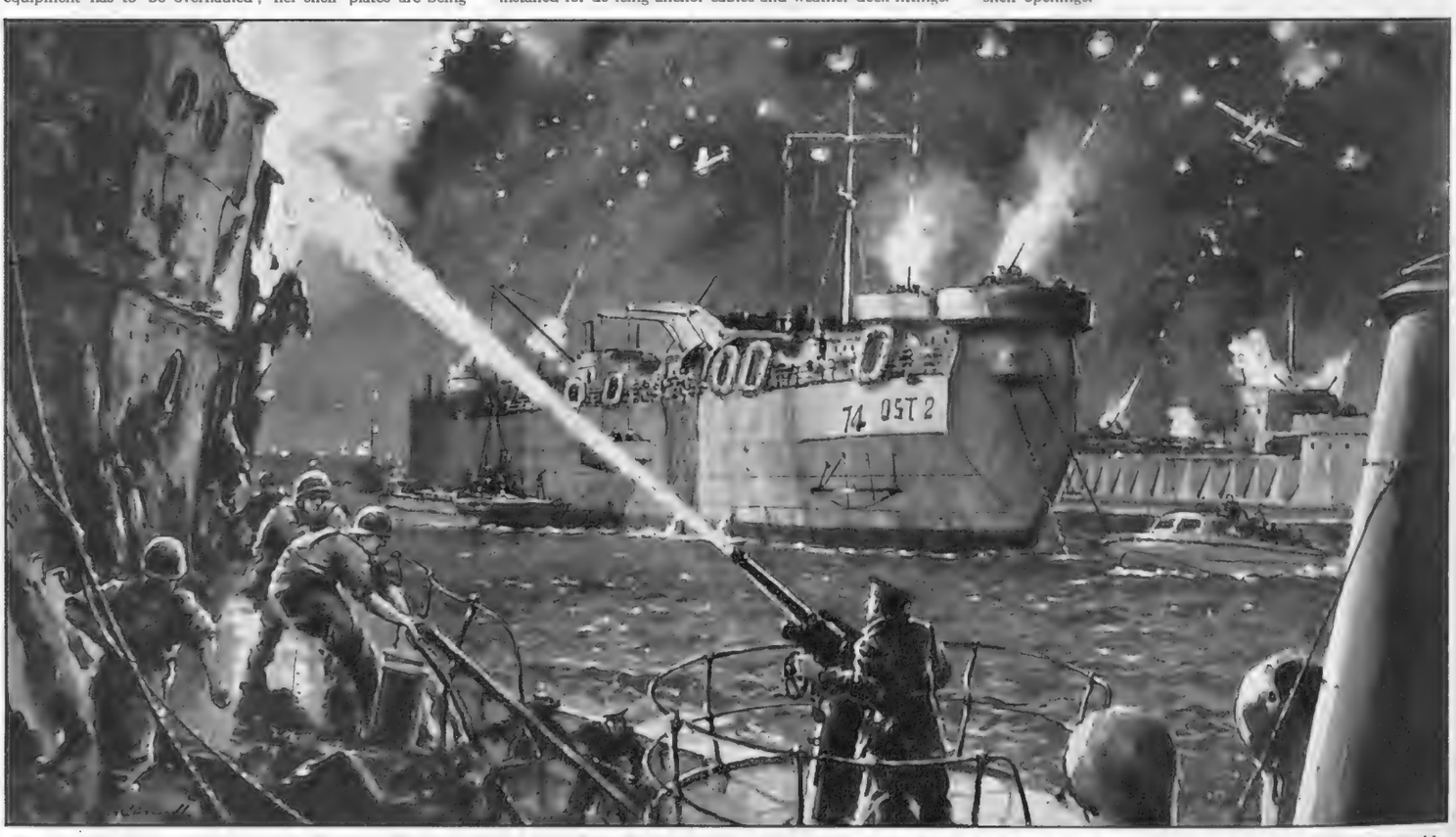
A BRITISH "J" CLASS DESTROYER after she has been adapted for convoy work within the Arctic Circle after a spell in the Middle East—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

"ARCTICISING" a DESTROYER

And Preparing Her for Work in the Far North

—Special Sphere Drawing

"This destroyer, back from the Middle East, is in dock for refit, and her orders then will take her on the Arctic route, convoying war material to Russia and Iceland." This was how Mr. John Hope described a very important naval operation in an article recently given in the *Evening Standard*. Before leaving for the Far North, the destroyer's standard equipment has to be overhauled; her shell plates are being stiffened against ice. To the undersides of mess-decks and exposed weather-decks a plastic compound is being applied and will be finally finished off with expanded metal and cement. Electricians meanwhile are running new wires to points where electric radiators are scheduled for installation. On deck, steam-heating coils must be fitted to guns, torpedo-tubes, depth-charge gear, searchlights, gun shelters and look-out positions. Canvas covers are made for gun sights and other instruments and adjacent connections fitted for portable electric heaters. Deck connections are installed for de-icing anchor cables and weather-deck fittings. Before the ship is complete all steam pipes and coils must be lagged with asbestos rope or cloth. Below deck steam jets and coils are fitted to the ship's sides injection and discharge valves; the magazine and spirit-room flooding valves and fire-fighting installations are also made impervious to frost. The ventilation system must not be overlooked. Heaters are installed in the air trunkings and additional valves fitted in the supply system. In the engine-room and stokehold tanks are being arcticised; fuel tanks, fresh-water and salt-water tanks must be fitted with heating coils. When the destroyer dry-docks baskets for protection against "mush" ice will be fitted to the shell openings.



BRITISH SUPPLY CRAFT HARASSED BY GERMAN NIGHT BOMBERS. In the foreground a supply ship is on fire, and a float alongside fights the flames with its "water gun." Meanwhile, the unloading proceeds steadily by the glare of the fire, and all the ships put up a terrific anti-aircraft barrage—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

THE NAVY AT ANZIO

Hot Work during the Unloading of Supplies

—Special Sphere Drawing

The task of bringing supplies and reinforcements to the "Rome" beachhead has been practically continuous. Only during certain hours, when angry Tyrrhenian gales have been blowing along this exposed coast has the work been held up. At all times the enemy has paid special attention to this vital area, long-range gunfire being supplemented, at night especially, by bombing raids. In spite of these alarums and occasional lucky shots by the enemy, the work has continued. A certain number of naval casualties in vessels has been recorded, amongst them the cruisers *Spartan* and *Penelope*, the destroyers *Janus* and *Inglefield*, and five major assault vessels.

LIFE in ADDIS ABABA TO-DAY

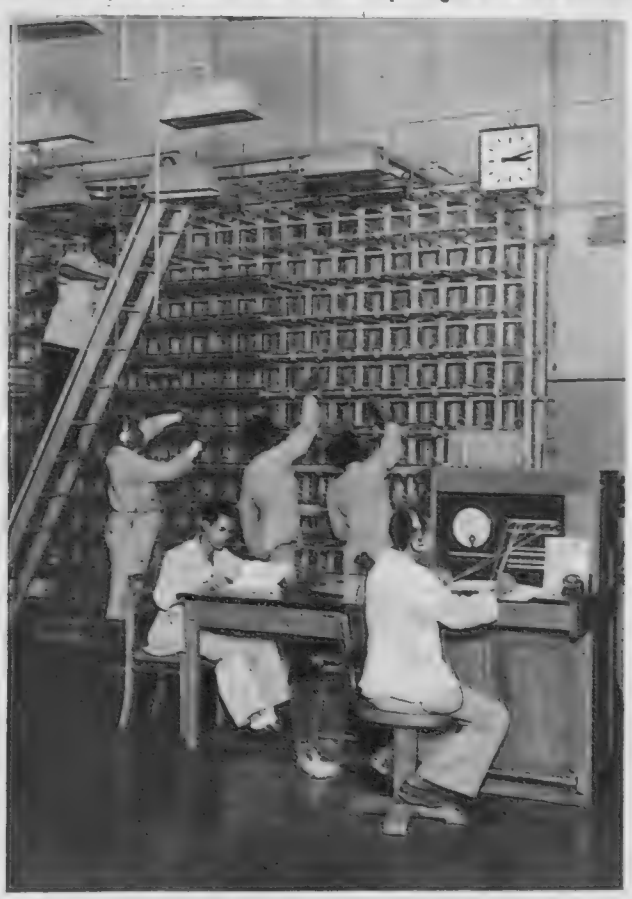
The First Capital to be Liberated by the British from the Enemy Yoke

MUHAMMADANS IN ADDIS ABABA PAY HOMAGE TO THE EMPEROR ON THEIR FEAST DAY—RAMADAN. The youngest son of Haile Selassie, who had just returned from Palestine, is seen standing on the Emperor's left

A PANORAMA OF "CHURCHILL AVENUE" (formerly "Mussolini Road") in the Abyssinian capital. This is one of the most important streets in Addis Ababa, lined with a number of modern buildings constructed of concrete and steel

THE BIGGEST CROSSING IN ADDIS ABABA, where Churchill, Eden and Haile Selassie streets meet. The "King George Bar" overlooks the square and faces the Railway Station (on left). This is the hub of social life in the Ethiopian capital

THE EMPEROR AT HOME IN HIS PALACE. The Duke of Harrar is on his left and the Crown Prince is on the right. This picture was taken at the opening of the New Year



IN THE TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN ADDIS ABABA, where Ethiopians are once again in control of the country's communications system

The continent of Africa, entirely freed in all parts from the rule of Nazism and Fascism, is recovering from the wounds of war. Ethiopia, in particular, is making rapid strides towards recovery, and with the help of Britain and the U.S.A. the country is being brought closer to Western standards, even during the war. A British military mission is assisting in the formation and training of an army which receives its equipment from the Allies. British and American economic advisers have been called in by the Emperor to help in the opening-up of Abyssinia's large, undeveloped resources.

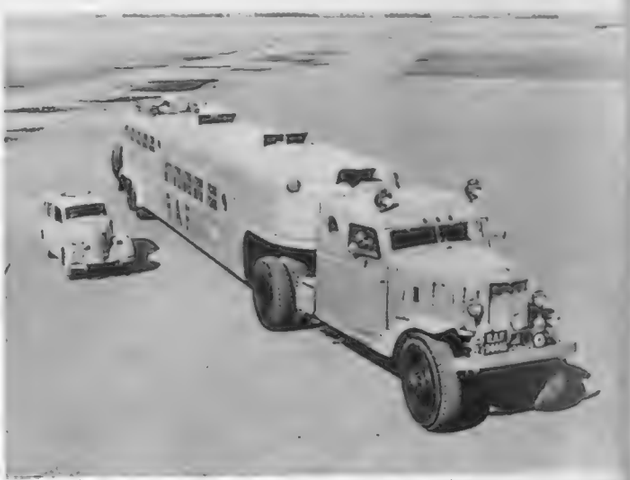
The Emperor himself took home with him modern ideas of administration and education: there is now a two-house Government, which has taken over many of the functions voluntarily ceded by the Emperor. A modern telephone exchange has been established, and a fair number of up-to-date motor-cars can be seen in the streets of the capital. Some streets have undergone amusing, yet significant, changes of names. The main street in Addis Ababa had been named "Mussolini Road" by the Italians immediately after they had occupied the country in 1936; the Abyssinians have renamed it "Churchill Avenue." The biggest crossing in the capital—English residents refer to it as the "Piccadilly Circus" of Addis—is where Churchill, Eden and Haile Selassie streets meet. The "King George Bar," situated in a pleasant, one-storey building, overlooks the square.

Abyssinians are proud that theirs is the first liberated capital; Addis Ababa, with a population of about 100,000, is well on the way to developing from a picturesque conglomeration of huts and primitive houses to the efficient capital of a country of great potential wealth.

GIBRALTAR'S NEW GOVERNOR. THE NEW GOVERNOR, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR THOMAS RALPH EASTWOOD, signs the oaths of his new office, while the Chief Justice, his Honour J. H. G. McDougall, looks on. Major-General F. G. Hyland stands in the foreground

AROUND the BATTLEFRONTS of the WORLD

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR T. R. EASTWOOD (on left) photographed in the Convent immediately after arrival with the Deputy-Commander-in-Chief, Major-General F. G. Hyland. Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Ralph Eastwood, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., arrived in Gibraltar on February 27, 1944, to assume his new duties as Governor and Commander-in-Chief. He was met at the airport by Major-General F. G. Hyland, Vice-Admiral Sir Harold Burrough, Air Vice-Marshal W. Elliot, and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. G. Miles Clifford. The ceremony of induction was held in the ball-room at the Convent, where his Excellency, having been escorted to his seat on the dais, heard the King's Commission read by the Colonial Secretary, and took the prescribed oaths, administered by the Chief Justice



THE MONSTER R.A.F. BUS WHICH RUNS FROM HABBANIYA TO DAMASCUS. A Hillman Minx saloon alongside it gives an idea of its size. Used for duty runs between Habbaniya, in Iraq, and Damascus, this bus announces its identity in letters two feet high. Its wheels stand 4 ft. 2 ins. off the ground; its horse-power is 90; there are twelve gears in all; it weighs 30 tons, is 75 ft. long and 11 ft. high; carries forty passengers with luggage; is air-conditioned; and has a kitchen and iced water

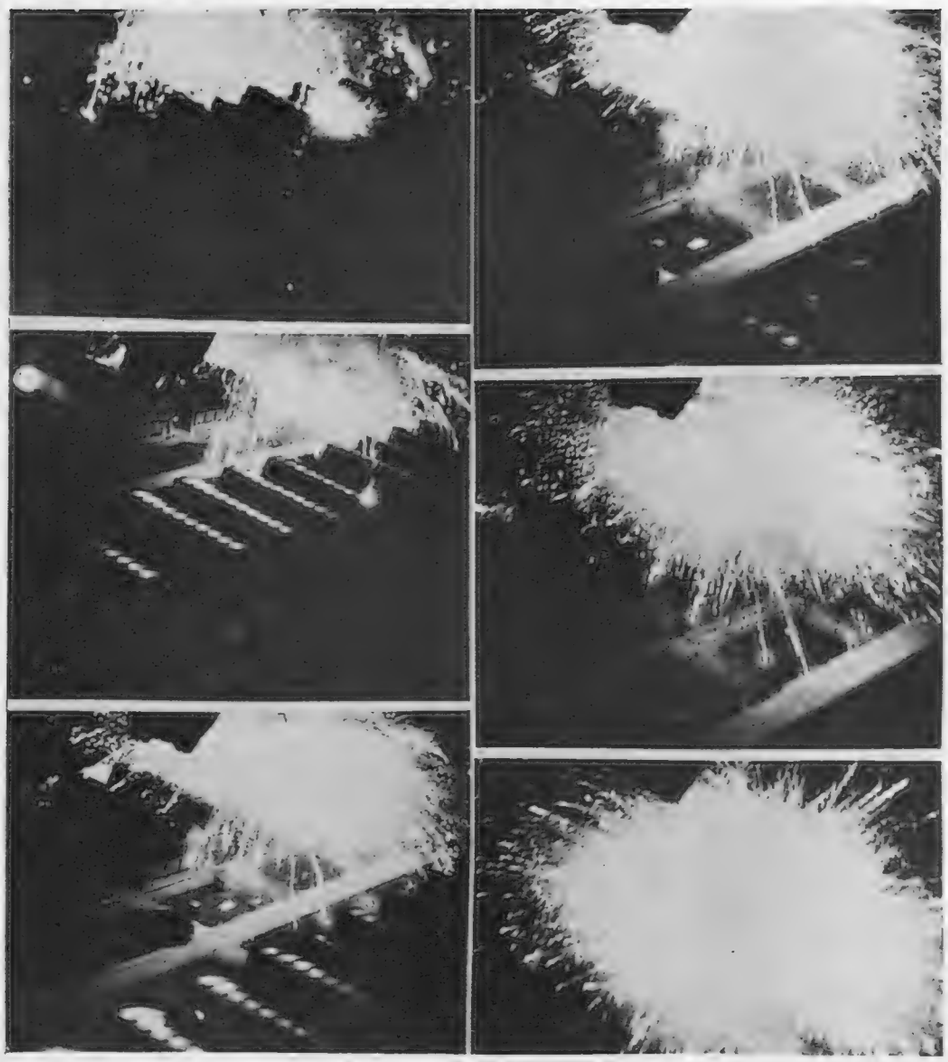
A CRISS-CROSS OF FIRE AS BEAUFIGHTERS TORPEDO AND CANNON-GUN AN ENEMY MERCHANTMAN. Beaufighters of R.A.F. Coastal Command, escorted by Spitfires of the Air Defence of Great Britain, made two attacks on enemy shipping off the Dutch coast on March 1 and scored a torpedo hit on a medium-sized merchant vessel. In the first assault the ship was raked with cannon-fire, and was later found to have been abandoned by her escort vessels. During the second attack, some hours later, the merchantman was again hit by cannon-fire and also by two torpedoes. This picture was taken as the merchantman, centre of concentrated cannon-fire from all angles, was being heavily attacked. Two barrage balloons can be seen flying above the vessel

THE MEN WHO SAY "NO" TO THE GENERAL. No military operation can be undertaken without considering the weather. Even a General is a slave to the weather, so it is possible for a handful of N.C.O.s to shake their heads and say "No" when General Alexander has some operation in mind. These men, English and American, are serving with a mobile weather unit on the Fifth Army front, and supply up-to-date weather forecasts for the whole front. Above, an American sergeant of the unit is seen reading the barograph, barometer and velocity and direction indicator

GERMAN BLOCKADE-RUNNERS WHICH WILL RUN NO MORE: The top picture shows the German blockade-runner *Rio Grande* being sunk by gunfire from the U.S.S. *Omaha* and *Jonett* after the crew had been rescued. The doomed vessel had been scuttled before being abandoned. In the bottom picture is the *Burgenland* bursting into flames as her crew set off demolition charges when their ship was trapped in the same South Atlantic area as the *Rio Grande*. Both German vessels were destroyed within forty-eight hours early in January

IRAQ SENDS A NEW MINISTER TO EGYPT. His Excellency Tahsin el-Askari Bey, the new Iraqi Plenipotentiary Minister to Egypt, was received by King Farouk at the Abadin Palace in Cairo a few days ago and presented his credentials. He is here seen with members of his Legation just after the ceremony

CHINESE TROOPS MARCH INTO A RECAPTURED CITY. Changteh, key point in China, was occupied by Chinese forces on December 9: they had been previously aided by American Mitchell bombers. The communique stated that the enemy had suffered heavy casualties and that "buildings inside and outside the city were reduced to ashes." This picture was taken as the first columns moved into the battered town



HOW ALLIED BOMBERS ILLUMINATE THEIR TARGETS BY NIGHT. These pictures were taken from a Lancaster bomber during the recent night attack on the important Rhone-Gnome aircraft-engine plant in Limoges (France). The sequence of six photographs show how the "marker bombs" illuminate the targets for the British "heavies," lighting up the area as if by day. It was during this raid that the new British 12,000-lb. (5½-ton) "factory-buster" bombs were employed for the first time during night operations against enemy-occupied territory

THE AIRFIELD WHICH THE AMERICANS HAVE CAPTURED FROM THE JAPS IN THE ADMIRALTY ISLANDS. This picture, taken from the air, shows the landing-strip of Momote, near Manus Island, in the Admiralty group (see pages 390-91 of this issue): it is now in American hands. The "greeting-card" effect is the result of revetments in the dispersal area, where planes and personnel are protected against bomb-blast. The white puffs come from hits scored by American bombers during the attack on the airfield. Los Negros, the adjoining island, is also in American hands. The picture was taken from a high altitude

THE WORKERS and the FIGHTING MEN

How Liaison is Maintained between the Builders of Aircraft and the Men Who Fly Them

Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THERE are several explanations for the latest aircraft-production figures which show a jump of over 20 per cent.; but the flying men themselves, pilots and other members of the crews, can claim a large amount of the credit.

It is estimated that at least 10 per cent. of the additional output in the aircraft industry is due to the close relationship which has been established between factory workers and the flying personnel of Bomber, Fighter and Coastal Commands.

A scheme has been developed whereby industrial workers can get together with the young men who go into battle with the products that are turned out—the aircraft themselves and their mass of complicated equipment, the guns and bombs, parachutes and dinghies. For the Air Ministry realised that in this greatest mechanical war of all time the human element counts more than ever.

This idea of factory and R.A.F. liaison dates back to August 1940, when Air Marshal Sir Arthur Barratt, who had commanded the B.A.F.F., visited the Hawker and Bristol factories to tell the workers of the fine work done by Hawker Hurricanes and Bristol Blenheims in France, and was developed by a special branch of Public Relations inaugurated by Air Ministry.

In something like three years, more than 300 officers have been employed on factory-liaison duties, and now audiences of more than 200,000 workers in nearly 200 factories are addressed informally every week. Recently the scheme has been extended to include N.C.Os. These officers and sergeants are attached to the branch for periods of six weeks or longer. Some stay for as much as six months before returning to flying duties. They have all been temporarily grounded for various reasons, such as the completion of a tour of operations, and awaiting a posting to an Operational Training Unit, or perhaps recovery from wounds. All of them have had operational experience, and the majority have been decorated.

Arrangements for visiting the factories are usually made through the Ministry of Aircraft Production or the Ministry of Supply.

Sometimes a pilot, gunner, navigator, flight engineer or bomb-aimer — confronted by hundreds of men and girls in a works canteen — wonders whether he would not be better off on Ops. But the enthusiasm of his audience soon puts him at ease. And the remarks of the works manager at the end of the talk explain the reason for the whole thing. A statement such as: "After the last visit by one of you fellows there was a definite rise in production. It started immediately after his visit, and we put it down directly to that" is typical and frequent.

There is no suggestion of a "pep" talk. Nor are the speakers there to "sell" the R.A.F. The idea is to tell the workers how the products of their hands and brains are used in the air, and how important they are in the general war effort. So many men and girls have dull, routine jobs. They may be dealing with small bits and pieces which have no apparent relation to an aircraft or to a weapon. Sometimes they are doing exactly the job they did in peacetime.

It is only when they hear from the men who use these rivets, nuts or lengths of wire in battle that they appreciate the full importance of their work and gain a new enthusiasm for it.

The officer or sergeant on factory-liaison duty has a full-time job. His day consists of touring the factory, chatting to the workers and then speaking to them from a platform in the canteen at mealtimes. The visitors often find as much interest in what they see—an entirely new phase of the war effort to them—as do the workers in what the visitors have to say. "What to say" is a tricky point. The R.A.F. dislikes what it calls "a line-shooter." This ingrained tradition against shooting a line has been cleverly nullified in the case of factory visitors by the factory-liaison branch of Public Relations starting its own Line-Shooters' Club. Membership is made up of the officers and sergeants who tour the factories, and many senior R.A.F. officers and leaders of industry have become honorary members. The flying men avoid any accusations of "line-shooting" by talking simply about their jobs, and turning whatever claims to fame they might have into a tribute to the splendid workmanship put into their aircraft. They can be drawn out, of course, and audiences rarely miss an opportunity of getting to know of any particular adventure. These visitors are not experienced speakers. They are all the better for that. The workers do not expect eloquence. But they hear a simple account of war in the air from the men who have taken part in it.

Veteran line-shooter is Squadron Leader Learoyd, V.C., senior surviving R.A.F. V.C. of this war. Wing Commander Gibson, V.C., the dam-buster, has been on one or two special jobs on the Home Front, so had the late Wing Commander Nettleton, V.C., thus giving a further *cachet* to this all-important job. There is a pleasant and friendly atmosphere about all these factory visits.

R.A.F. officers have told me that it is surprising what factory workers do not know. They still think, incredibly enough, that R.A.F. officers receive far higher pay than they do themselves; whereas the reverse is the case. There are occasional exceptions. A Bomber Command pilot (the son of a brewer and, therefore, unusually well off for a flying officer) told me how he and a fellow-officer were drinking a pint of beer at a public-house, when two gaudy-looking wenches entered and promptly ordered four double Scotches. The R.A.F. officers went on placidly drinking their beer. To their astonishment, two of the four double Scotches were placed in front of them by the waiter on the instruction of the two girls, who had joined them at their table. When they protested, one of the girls said: "Listen, ducks, you are going to drink with us. We know how badly you are paid, and this week I made £12 in the factory; so that 's that."

After a few minutes' talk to the day-shift or night-shift (or both) the R.A.F. officer or N.C.O. makes the usual query: "Any questions?" These are varied in the extreme. Some are foolish; most of them are highly technical; and in view of the interest which they are likely to arouse everywhere, I now give some of the questions and answers.

QUESTION: Are balloon barrages any good?

ANSWER: They definitely cut down to a minimum all low-level attacks, forcing the raiders to fly high and thus reducing the chances of hits on military objectives, whilst enabling fighters to have a better chance. There have been cases both of British and German bombers and fighter bombers flying through barrages, notably the case of Wing Commander Edwards, V.C., at Bremen. In my opinion, barrages are essential for every big city, and they have thoroughly proved their value.

QUESTION: Do the British destroy their aircraft when forced down?

ANSWER: We try to do this on all occasions to prevent our equipment falling into enemy hands. In many cases, crews of lost aircraft bail out and their planes are destroyed, but in those cases where forced landings are made the crews will always set light to their planes and destroy all equipment.

QUESTION: Has Germany more A.-A. guns than Britain?

ANSWER: I should say, Yes. The reason for this is that Germany is many times the size of the British Isles and has many more areas to defend. What we have we defend well, but Germany, with a coast line extending from Narvik to Bordeaux, has reason to use more guns than we do. When we bomb Germany or German-occupied territory, we may go to Hamburg one night, to St. Nazaire the next and maybe Italy the third night. To compete with this, the Germans need colossal numbers of A.-A. guns. When bombing Britain, it is obvious that, being such a small area in comparison, we do not need so much defence.

QUESTION: Do the products of this firm go direct to new aeroplanes or to Maintenance Units?

ANSWER: The majority of the parts you are making are for spare parts for operational aircraft and may go to the aerodromes or Maintenance Units. Do realise that aeroplanes on active service need many spare parts, and it is not advisable to keep these all at the aerodrome. Consequently, there are several depots where these aerodromes can draw spare parts.

QUESTION: Is there a dummy Berlin?

ANSWER: The Germans are very good at faking fires near important objectives, with a view to forcing our bombing crews to unload their bombs in the vicinity. I have experienced this twice at Hamburg, and the same thing is true of Berlin.

QUESTION: Can a bomber get above flak?

ANSWER: Gun-fire can usually reach our bombers at any height up to 30,000 ft., though it is not always accurate at such heights. The American Flying Fortress has been known to operate at heights at which it was not bothered unduly by gun-fire.

QUESTION: Do you think bombing Germany will win the war?

ANSWER: In my opinion, bombing will be one of the main causes of Germany's downfall. Constant bombing of German war factories will decrease their production and lower their morale. It is obviously better to bomb production at its source than to wait until we invade and then leave the Army to do it. In my opinion, when we can bomb Germany from the east and west and south, we shall be able then to reach all her big centres of production and thus contribute towards her final downfall.

QUESTION: What do you think of the Flying Fortresses and how do they compare with our four-engined bombers?

ANSWER: The Fortress is a very good bomber and quite capable of defending itself against all comers. It was designed as a day bomber and, therefore, carries substantial defensive armament. Our bombers were designed for night-bombing and, as a result, they are built to carry tremendous loads of bombs and have fewer guns. They can, however, give a very good account of themselves when attacked, and the load they carry is much greater than that of the Fortress. It is very difficult, therefore, to compare these types, as they are used for different functions.

QUESTION: Are two 1,000-lb. bombs more effective than one 2,000-lb. bomb?

ANSWER: I should say the 2,000-pounder is more destructive, but there is more chance of hitting a target with two bombs than one, and a hit with a 1,000-pounder is obviously better than a miss with a 2,000-pounder. The damage done by a 2,000-pounder is often greater than twice that done by a 1,000-pounder.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY VISITS THE FACTORIES. A scene during his tour of Ministry of Supply factories where the weapons which his Invasion troops will use are being produced. The girl workers were most enthusiastic in their welcome, some of them breaking ranks to clasp his hand

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

The FINNS LEAVE the CAPITAL

And Some New Pictures of the War by Air

THE EVACUATION OF HELSINKI, IN FINLAND. In the streets of the city long columns of sleighs carried furniture and household effects from the bombed flats to new abodes. Owing to wartime restrictions, there are very few motor-cars to be seen to-day in Helsinki. The Russian raids on the Finnish capital were very severe

ON THE MORNING AFTER THE FIRST HEAVY RAID ON HELSINKI there was a general exodus of the young and the old. Immense queues gathered outside the railway station to catch the first trains out of the city. The first Russian air attack on the Finnish capital (coming, as it did, after a year of little air activity) was a great shock to the inhabitants, who were beginning to consider themselves almost out of the war by air. There was little panic, but the Finns at once began to realise that the worst was yet to come. The first raid was followed by others—until Finland's request for peace brought a cessation of air attacks. Now it is likely that the Russians will once again resume their heavy raids on Finland

A MOSQUITO GETS HOME, minus a wing-tip and with a damaged engine : The Mosquito seen in the two pictures above was badly shot up whilst flying over enemy territory. A large part of the starboard wing was shot away, the port engine was damaged, and also the hydraulic system controlling the undercarriage. Nevertheless, it was brought safely back to its base by the two Australians who made up its crew. Incidentally, the pictures given here also indicate the nature of the recent weather conditions at the South Coast fighter station on which the Mosquito is based

THE AIRCRAFT IS JACKED UP TO BE TAKEN AWAY FOR REPAIRS after it had been brought back to base by its Australian crew. Note the tracked vehicle supporting the port engine and wing

BACK FROM THE R.A.F.'s GREATEST RAID ON STUTTGART : A Lancaster crew report (with their mascot) after the attack carried out by the 1,000 British "heavies" last week

A VETERAN AND SOME OF THE "NEW BOYS" AT THE INTERROGATION. Air Commodore A. M. Wray, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., A.F.C. (on right), who took a new crew of sergeants to Stuttgart in a Lancaster bomber. For the first time in its history, Bomber Command sent out more than 1,000 heavy bombers (including squadrons from the R.C.A.F. and R.A.A.F.) to raid Stuttgart last week. This force dropped over 3,000 tons of high-explosives and incendiary bombs. One of the aircraft had as its captain and pilot Air Commodore Wray, who is now forty-eight years of age and who has been flying for twenty-eight years. He commands a bomber base from which a famous Australian squadron operates

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE Civil Service—Its Virtues and Vices.—I have seen too much of the insides of Government offices in my time to join in any blind or wild hitting at bureaucracy. In a temporary capacity, I served a short term in the Board of Education and learned soon enough the lowness of my educational standard among so much scholarship and talent. Indeed, I came away (with thankfulness) with a feeling of regret that so much scholarship should be so often employed on routine functions of domestic organisation (school "bootholes" and washing places and what not), which seemed to be within the compass of less highly-trained minds. I left the Board with a feeling of puzzlement that so much talent had not achieved more in national education in the past thirty years. That puzzle still awaits solution. Next I served in a new Government department, which in my time rose from very small beginnings to very large proportions and now controls the destinies of scores of millions of private funds and fortunes, and has earned the respect and gratitude of the public.

And finally, for a spell following the war of 1914-18, I served in a temporary reconstruction department of the Ministry of Labour, and there I learned that tea-drinking and gossip are not the chief occupation of the Civil Servant, but that often enough he works against the clock and goes home late at night with his desk by no means clear.

Indeed, though the word "bureaucracy" has an ugly meaning for me, I cannot conjure up the image of a bureaucrat in any very ugly, menacing form. The individual is hard-working, upright, decent, human, reasonable, trustworthy—in my varied experience. Whence come the ugly implications of the generic term for Civil Servants of all sorts? One cannot, of course, dismiss the language influence—the stilted, safety-first, chilling, temporising style of official letter-writing does not grow less disquieting or irritating. Yet it must be conceded that not even Ministers of State have more need than Civil Servants to couch their utterances in language that affords no handle to the mischievous and makes no promises incapable of performance or yields no facts incapable of proof.

In large part that stilted, formalised verbiage is a genuine, honest and a necessary effort to raise no false hopes and to close all avenues to marauding infiltrations behind the lines of Acts of Parliament. And yet, if "bureaucrats" are hard to pick out individually and to name, there is such a thing as bureaucracy and it wears an ugly, menacing dress, the cloak and habit of dictators, small or great, all the world over in every age of history; and it has a sinister and well-known habit of multiplying its departments and its functions and its personnel—a habit which puts out of joint the noses of rabbits and rats.

Public Relations.—Take a single example—Public Relations. The Public Relations industry is to-day one of the most prosperous of bureaucracy. I am old enough to remember Harrod's Stores in its little shop in Brompton. Look at it now! I remember the first Public Relations officer opening up. He sang as softly as a sucking dove. He was to be a simple servant of the public, just a link between his department and the public, to create mutual sympathy and understanding and harmony. Look at him now! The three Service departments alone employ regularly 1,016! And the industry is growing.... Does this recall the bureaucratic redundancies of 1918, and all the squandermania of war? I fear it does. I have had some dealings with Service P.R.O.s Some of them have added many functions to their office—functions never contemplated originally, and not publicly approved to-day They are now primarily engaged in doing work which the Press can do, and once did, very much better by direct contact with departmental chiefs. They feed the Press with all the departmental news which they regard as "desirable." And the result is not always "impartial interpretation," not always straight news. There must always be criticism of what the Government regards as a war expedient. "Security reasons" are a perfect answer—to silence such criticism. But other functions which P.R.O.s. have assumed can hide behind no such umbrella. One such is the function of Press agent, advertising manager and impresario of the political chief. If the public reluctantly accepts the modern view that its fighting men must be advertised and boosted and defended with all the shrewd publicity poured out on film stars (though their deeds constantly speak louder than words), we do *not* accept it that the same advertising and defence services should be accorded to the Ministers who direct the Service Departments; and when the mildest and fairest criticism of a Minister is countered by the P.R.O. with politely veiled threats of "trouble ahead" for the newspaper concerned, we see the danger-signal of bureaucratic control, the breeding-ground of little Jack-Hitlers-in-offices and corners. How often Governments in Britain are the last to realise abuses about which the public feels strongly! (Propaganda and by-election practice, for example.) And the industry is growing . . . and ought to be reduced and simplified again.

Public Control or Private Initiative.—The honesty, industry, efficiency, patience and even humanity of the average British Civil Servant is a great asset in our national life. It compares triumphantly with the average in any other country. It is a great argument for bureaucratic control of essential industry, national finance and health or public-service commodities. To the benighted citizen who exists without water, electricity, gas or drains, it is everything to know that denial of these civilised rights in his case is at least not due to a nice calculation of the effect of compliance upon the dividends of private speculators or investors. He may reasonably expect also that in the official decision on his plea a wider, national view will be taken and that no private or selfish advantage will be taken from the enjoyment of a monopoly. And more, that where such a monopoly is in public ownership, economies in production may be possible which should benefit his pocket. The private suppliant feels that he is not a "prospect" of a private business firm (to be favoured or shunned on his merits as a paying proposition) but is a unit of a public which these services were designed to benefit. He may have to wait his turn, but his chances do not rest on nice calculations of private profit.

Against these potential advantages under bureaucratic control of public services, he must set some doubts and disadvantages. As a rule, the larger the organisation the slower and more cumbersome the processes of advance. The average Civil Servant is a "safe" man. He does not dream dreams, or take risks for a dream. He is concerned, no doubt, for the spirit of his mission, but he is perforce anchored to the letter. Forms and precedents are serious matters with him. He must for ever refer upwards for direction and approval. Initiative is not for him. He is compelled to pass on personal responsibility, and the higher that responsibility rises, the nearer looms the approach to criticism in Parliament, and anxiety about criticism induces safety precautions, hedging and temporising.

A private venturer will dream a dream of making Auburn—that fair, rural community—a perfect model of a modern country-side in its amenities and health services. He will take risks to materialise his dream and he will triumph by his boldness and vision and energy. But the public venturer does not exist. He is using public money and must account to the Treasury for every penny. Not for him the uncharted seas of high adventure and glorious gains. Not for him the Ship of Fools. Not for him the company of

> "... those fools who could not rest
> In the dull earth they left behind;
> But burned with passion for the West
> And drank a frenzy from its wind."

Yet, if he be a dull, sober fellow, he is an honest, hard-working fellow, not lacking humanity, sympathy and a sense of purpose and justice, too. Some of the private adventurers have blazed a sorry enough trail and left their mark in the ruins of widows' houses. Yet safety-first is a bad slogan in times of danger, and mankind has need of the spirit of adventure at all seasons, if he is ever to climb towards the stars from the slough. But there are degrees and conditionings in all things, and the British Civil Servant is a worthy, useful and often underrated instrument of progress, and his worst faults are his tendencies to multiply his species and to make redundant work to satisfy his nepotism. In the main, he takes rare advantage of his privilege and power, and his reputation suffers most at the hands of a very tiny percentage of his kind—the few who, drunk with power and lulled by security, assume the cloak and stock-in-trade of pinchbeck Hitlers.

TEACHING AN AIRMAN TO FLOAT HIS DINGHY: He has just leapt from the highest diving-board in the bath, fully dressed in flying kit complete with "Mae West." He has swam to the overturned bomber dinghy, and now he is righting it and will clamber aboard. All air crews have to pass this test before being passed out for operational duties. A dinghy thrown to airmen from a rescue plane may not arrive in the sea right side up: hence the necessity for practice. Paddles, a tiny rope-ladder, a small sail, food, etc., are all contained in special compartments of these rubber boats

FIRE DRILL AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL: This picture was taken at the Girls' Training College at Saffron Walden. Canvas chutes from the dormitories to the ground ensure that, in the event of fire, the eighty girls can be cleared from the building in little over a minute

THE EXTERIOR OF THE POLLOCK SHOP IN HOXTON, where the famous plain and coloured prints are displayed above a miscellaneous collection of other merchandise. For scores of years this exterior has remained quite unchanged

PENNY PLAIN—
Twopence Coloured
A Link with Charles Dickens and R. L. Stevenson in Hoxton

A modest, almost unacknowledged and comparatively unknown treasure is a shop named "Pollocks" in Hoxton, near Shoreditch. A little, dark, shop in a narrow, sooty, slum street, its dusty, small-paned windows reveal a curiously mixed merchandise. Packets of stationery, children's school exercise books, faded skeins of darning-wool, buttons, bootlaces, cheap hair-slides and packets of needles. . . .

But in the background of this unclassified miscellany lies the secret of Pollocks' fame. It is a series of old-fashioned, brightly-coloured prints and pasteboard model theatres. These are none other than the famous "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" prints which form the substance of the traditional toy theatres.

This little Hoxton shop is their last stronghold; there were other similar shops, such as Webbs, near by; but this closed down, and now Pollocks is the sole survivor of this theatrical tradition. For more than a hundred years it has been the children's Mecca. Among the long list of distinguished people who enjoyed Pollocks' paper dramas are Robert Louis Stevenson, whose essay, "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured," has immortalised its delights. Charles Dickens and Ellen Terry, the great actress, were ardent devotees; so were G. K. Chesterton and Diaghilev, who sponsored a ballet inspired by an old set of play sheets and characters.

Old Mr. Benjamin Pollock, the proprietor, who died only a few years ago had been in the business all his life: he was apprenticed to Mr. Redington, the originator. His appearance, conversation

(Continued below on left)

A CLOSE-UP OF THE SHOP WINDOW, showing the display of theatrical prints. R. L. Stevenson made the shop famous with his essay, "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured"

"TWOPENCE COLOURED." Miss Pollock colours all the sheets by hand with water-colours. She works in the small back-parlour, carrying on the traditions of the past

MISS POLLOCK EXPLAINING THE VARIOUS SHEETS. All around are packets ready for sale, and on the counter is a gorgeous example of a model theatre

and mode of life had a strongly Dickensian flavour. His white-haired daughters still run the place.

Pollock prints are traditionally grotesque, but seldom alarming; they are a mixture of mock-heroics, pantomime buffoonery and early-nineteenth-century sentiment. They were sold, literally, for a penny plain (that is, uncoloured), or twopence coloured. The figures were cut out, mounted on cardboard or tin slides, and jerked through the action of the drama by the children, who also spoke the words—rhyming jingle—issued in book form, together with elaborate stage directions.

The model theatres themselves were table-sized affairs, about 2-ft. high. They were inordinately splendid, massed with gilt and plush, chandeliers and royal arms, with side-boxes overflowing with elegant audiences and whole orchestras in transports of musical abandon. Then there were the settings for each drama. Some of the designs were originated by the great artist-illustrator, George Cruikshank.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"NELSON of the NAVY'S LITTLE SHIPS"

High-speed Adventure in a Motor-Gunboat; A Record of Heroism in the Pacific; Russian Autobiography; American Thriller and Desert Photography

THE most remarkable book of the week, as it is the most exciting and, in a sense, the most moving, is an unfinished one. Its author Lieut.-Commander Robert Hichens, D.S.O., D.S.C., was killed nearly a year ago on active service. His death was doubly a tragedy, since it was met by a stray shell after a hard action in which there had been no other casualties. He had been in other engagements when half his crew had been killed or wounded, and he had survived by a miracle. This time, with the action successfully completed, he was killed by a chance shot. He was known, and will be known, as "the Nelson of the Navy's little ships"—the motor-gunboats. He was thirty-two, and a Cornishman who had sailed his own little boat since he was a child.

WE FOUGHT THEM IN GUNBOATS (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.) is one of the books that demand to be read, even by that woolly or exhausted or unhappy mind that instinctively rebels against another word of war in the pastime of reading. For here is no misery, very little horror and none of the tedium that in other aspects of war, and particularly in the civilian ones, tries man's spirit most severely.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY JUST AFTER HIS ELECTION: Mr. A. J. Munnings (in light trousers), who succeeds the late Sir Edwin Lutyens, is seen shaking hands with Mr. E. Vincent Harris. Among the Royal Academicians in the front are Mr. F. W. Elwell, Mr. Stanley Anderson, Mrs. Dod Proctor, Dame Laura Knight and Sir W. Reid Dick. Mr. Munnings is sixty-five years of age and famous for his equestrian portraits. He was elected an Associate in 1919 and an R.A. in 1925

This is adventure, pure and simple; high-speed danger with the risks between opponents evenly divided. Though Commander Hichens describes his as gangster tactics, and regrets the old days when English and Spanish frigates would exchange courtesies before opening fire, there was much of the spirit of Drake in himself and his crews, and Conrad's line, which the writer quotes here in praise of a friend of his, might as justly, it seems, have been applied to him:

"A man of courage, initiative and hardihood, yet so little stained by the excesses of many virtues."

A SUBALTERN IN OLD RUSSIA (Hutchinson. 18s.) is the first of two or three books of autobiography planned by Lieut.-General A. A. Ignatyev. The present volume covers his childhood, which was partly spent in Siberia, where his father was Governor, and his later training as a cadet. General Ignatyev gives a detailed description of his life in the military college and the parallel life in the St. Petersburg court. He describes the difficult and archaic examinations he had to pass before he could become an officer in the Tsar's cavalry regiment, the Chevalier Guards. He gives his own story of the Russian-Japanese war, throughout which he served in Manchuria.

"For many reasons this section of the book will be the most absorbing, since it gives a remarkably clear picture of the campaigns, and an even clearer one of the hopeless inefficiency of the Russian officers of the old regime, whose total lack of common sense showed, according to the author, in their application of old battle rules to the warfare of their times. Ignatyev went through shameful retreat after retreat, seeing, as he expresses it, the constant courage of the men betrayed by the stupidity of the High Command.

After the armistice in 1905 he returned to St. Petersburg to find the place disturbed and restless with workers' risings. It was then, as a Staff Officer of one of the Tsar's crack regiments, that he had his first inkling of the Revolution. The great interest of this book is that it does help one to understand, without emphasis or comment, why such a man as Ignatyev, from serving in one of the most reactionary armies in the world, should now be an honoured officer of the Red Army, one of the most advanced. Throughout his book, besides the vivid picture of the social and military life of the late nineteenth century, one has a clear impression of the author's own good sense and his sincere love for the man under his command.

Mr. James Hilton intends his new book to be read as fiction, but it is actually narrative based very closely on fact—the fact being the heroic conduct of an American doctor in a phase of the Pacific War. THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL (Macmillan. 6s.) cannot therefore be regarded as fiction, but as a moving human story. In February 1942, two United States cruisers were in action off the Javanese coast, and were badly battered by the enemy force before they were able to limp into port.

Mr. Roosevelt, in a later broadcast, said "Dr. Wassell was assigned to duty in Java, caring for wounded officers and men of the cruisers *Houston* and *Marblehead*, which had been in heavy action in the Java seas. When the Japanese advanced across the island, it was decided to evacuate as many as possible of the wounded to Australia. But about twelve of the men were so badly wounded that they could not be moved. Dr. Wassell remained with these men, knowing that he would be captured by the enemy. But he decided to make a desperate attempt to get the men out of Java. He asked each of them if he wished to take the chance and every one agreed. He first had to get the twelve men to the sea-coast. . . . The men were suffering severely, but Dr. Wassell kept them alive by his skill and inspired them by his own courage. As the official report said, Dr. Wassell was 'almost like a Christ-like shepherd devoted to his flock.'"

Mr. Hilton has tended to sentimentalise a little, but not unforgivably, and the book remains an effective record of heroism. The author's royalties from this edition will be given to the King George's Fund for Sailors.

There has been a painstakingly topical, almost a priggish, air about the newest American thrillers that have come my way. It is as if their authors were determined at all costs (except the cost of a clue) to bring in black-outs, sirens, salvage drives, war departments and the preposterous lack in home-life circles of any upstanding young males. It proves, of course, how seriously they are taking the war. It also proves that a thriller writer has to be more than ordinarily competent not to get his plot weighed down way beneath the Plimsoll line with these timely reminders.

Women are the worst offenders. Perhaps because they are so conscientious, or perhaps because this new slant has all the attraction of a new fashion. Nevertheless, most of them manage to get away with it, with a certain elegance, and Miss Alice Tilton is no exception to this rule. FILE FOR RECORD (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is announced as another "Leonidas Witherall mystery," and is good enough to make me regret the apparent tardiness of my introduction to this delicately-bearded sleuth.

For Mr. Witherall is what is known as a dead ringer for Shakespeare, and has, it seems, spent at least fifty years of his life composing telling answers to people who begin their greetings, "You know, you remind me of someone. . . ." He is also an efficient detective of the private brand, living in one of the most exclusive suburbs of one of America's most caste-ridden small-towns. And in this tale of his exploits everything happens, from organised rafiles to morale classes for pretty elevator girls. (The last has a sinister ring about it, too, on second thoughts.)

The cause of all the trouble is a secret code for which men would commit murder, and perhaps even mayhem, if in the mood. But the good Leonidas solves all and foils all, and leaves the conspirators in very poor case. Miss Tilton writes with a charming and not unhumorous exuberance, and I recommend her work to those of you who are not already so familiar with it as to refer casually to "the new Tilton." For that way, as authors discovered somewhere about cro-Magnon days, lie sales.

It is not derogatory to say of Mr. George Rodger's DESERT JOURNEY (Cresset Press. 15s.) that the photographs are responsible for at least half the book's attraction, since Mr. Rodger is first and foremost a photographer, and one of the most brilliant now working. In a previous book, he described his experiences during the Burma campaign, and in the present one he tells of his journey through French West Africa, Abyssinia, Libya, Egypt and Trans-jordan. His writing has something of the quality of his excellent photographs: it is mainly descriptive, it is lucid and balanced. The latter quality, in fact, he must possess to a remarkable degree, together with a coolness which will allow him to take a picture of his own truck being bombed at excessively close range during the Syrian campaign.

CHARLES CHAPLIN HAS HIS FINGERPRINTS TAKEN. The famous film comedian, who is facing charges of white slavery and conspiracy, in the Los Angeles office of the U.S. Marshal with his lawyer, Mr. Jerry Geisler (in background)

What could be a more disarming title than MY FRIENDS THE APES (Faber. 12s. 6d.), which is a Zoo book of a really delightful character? Its author, Mrs. Belle J. Benchley, has the distinction of being the only woman Zoo director in the world, and one of her particular interests are the great apes. In writing this book, Mrs. Benchley has, as she explains, tried to convey what she has come to feel and understand about them, hoping that the reader will come to know them as they are, "not as low, hideous caricatures of man, but as magnificent animals—noble, loyal and affectionate—virtues to which neither man nor any single beast can lay sole claim."

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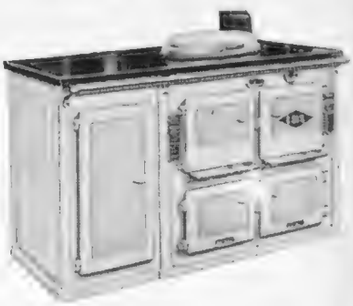

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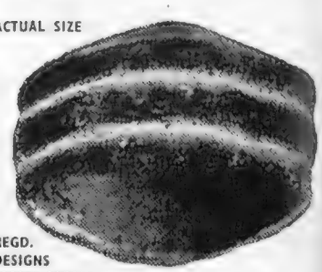

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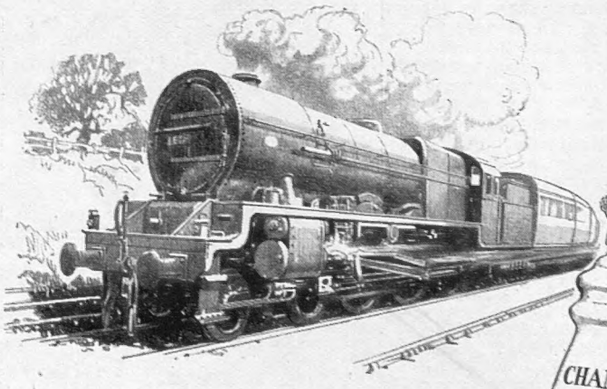

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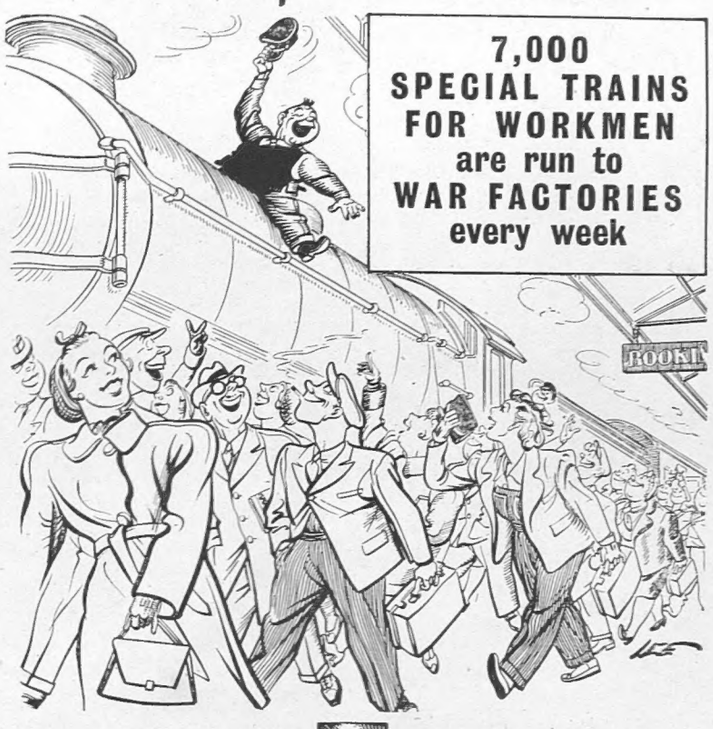

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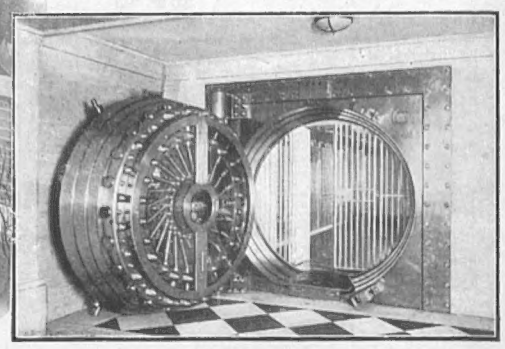

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